THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For DECEMBER, 1805.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C's Essay shall have a place.

The Essays on History, Poetry, and Mythology, proposed by Juvenus, will be very acceptable.

The Lines on Inconstancy, and those addressed to Miss J——y, will be inserted in the Supplement, or the Number for January.

Several other contributions of our ingenious Correspondents, for which we have not hitherto had room, will appear in the Supplement.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For DECEMBER, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

FIFTH LESSON.

THE fair pupil may have imagined that she is now perfectly acquainted with the parts constituting a flower, having been instructed to distinguish what is *Calyx, Corolla, Stamen,* and *Pistillum:* but the science of Botany is not so easily learnt; it is to be acquired by progressive steps: and the information next to be given is, that there are several kinds of *Calyxes* distinguished by particular appellations, just as the word tree is a generic expression including all the different species of trees, or as the word dog includes all the different kinds of dogs.

There are seven sort of *Calyxes,* to which botanists have given the names of—1. SPATHE, 2. INVOLUCRE, 3. AMENT, 4. GLUME, 5. PERIANTH, 6. CALYPTRA, 7. VOLVA.

The *calyx,* which is called the SPATHE, is a leafy or membranous sheath, protecting the flower in its first stage, and which usually bursts or opens longitudinally.

The word *spathe* is derived from *spathe,* a Greek word, meaning a scabbard or sheath.

This is composed sometimes of one leaf, or valve, as in the Arum (*vide* pl. 6. letter *a*); or of two, as in the Iris, *b.*

The second species of calyx is,

The INVOLUCRE, which is a calyx remote from the flower, chiefly present in umbelliferous plants.

The term *involucre* is derived from the Latin word *involvo,* to enwrap.

The term *umbelliferous,* bearing an umbel, is from *umbella,* Latin, a shade, and *fero,* Latin, to bear or support.

An *umbel,* is when the peduncles or foot-stalks of the flower proceed from one common centre like the radii of a wheel.

This *umbel* is either *simple* or *compound.* 1. *Simple,* when each peduncle is crowned with a flower (*vide* pl. 6. c.) 2. *Compound,* when, instead of being terminated by a flower, each peduncle bears another umbel, or, more properly, *umbellule,* from *umbellula,* a little shade (*vide* pl. 7. *a.*)*.

* Plate 7, above referred to, will be given with the Supplement.

The simple umbel is also called the *universal*, the compound, the *partial*.

The *small leaves* at the origin of the umbel are called by botanists the involucre, and are of two kinds.

1. *Universal*, from the Latin word *universalis*, general, as in the Chervil (chærophyllum sylvestre, *vide* pl. 7. *b.* when belonging to a simple umbel.

2. *Partial*, when placed at the origin of the umbellules of the compound umbel, as in Bishop's Weed (daucus carota). *Vide* pl. 8. *c.*

Several umbelliferous or umbellate plants have, however, *no* involucre, as in fennel. (*Vide* pl. 7. *d*).

But though we generally find the involucre in umbelliferous plants, we are not to suppose it wholly confined to them. It is to be found in other kinds of flowers, as in the Passion-flower (*vide* pl. 8. *a*): when the involucre is called, 1. *Proper*, from the Latin word *proprius*, peculiar (*vide* pl. 8. *a*); 2. *Double*, as in the Malva (pl. 8. *c*).

The other sorts of calyxes will be contained in future lessons, that examples may keep pace with instruction.

Account *of the* New Comedy *called* The School for Friends, *performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, December* 10, 1805.

The Characters were thus represented.

Lord Belmore........	Mr. Elliston.
Sir Edward Apworth ..	Mr. Barrymore.
Sir Felix Mordaunt ..	Mr. Wroughton.
Mr. Hardy	Mr. Dowton.
Matthew Daw	Mr. Matthews.
Lady Courtland......	Miss Pope.
Lady Apworth, (under the assumed name of Mrs. Hamilton)	Mrs. Jordan.
Emily	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Chambermaid ,..,..	Miss Mellon.

THE PLOT.

The scene lies in a country part of England. No one of the characters has a decided superiority in importance above the others; but he from whose history the business chiefly arises is *Sir Edward Apworth*. This young baronet had married, clandestinely, a girl of great beauty and accomplishments, but no fortune. By-and-by his passion for her somewhat abated, and he became intimate at the house of *Lady Courtland*, an old fashionable demirep, who lived in great splendour upon the profits of a faro table. Here he turns a deep gamester, and, after several vicissitudes of luck, loses almost the whole of his patrimony. His wife being neglected, separated herself from him, and retires with her child, he knows not where, into the country. At last he is reduced to such difficulties, that he consents to live with *Lady Courtland*, in a way as little suited to his dignity as to her reputation.—At the opening of the action we find them residing at a superb seat belonging to the lady.—*Lord Belmore*, a friend of *Sir Edward*, soon arrives, on the pretence of a visit, but with the intention of rescuing him from his present disgraceful situation. In the neighbourhood there lodged a very handsome and amiable woman, who passed under the name of *Mrs. Hamilton*. This was no other than the deserted *Lady Apworth*. Of course the husband and wife are quite ignorant of being so near each other, until the concluding scene. The grand engine employed in perplexing and disentangling the plot is a passion felt for her by *Belmore*. This nobleman, being rather too much like *Belcour*, the West Indian, with the best heart in the world, is somewhat apt to be led into irregularities by the impetuosity of his desires. He had seen and admired *Lady Apworth*

in town, ignorant that she was the wife of his friend. He is delighted to find her again, and immediately renews his attempts upon her. All these fail most completely, although she is reduced to the greatest degree of pecuniary distress. He makes *Sir Edward* his confidant, who, supposing this to be some female of cracked character, writes her a letter, exhorting her to be more reasonable in her demands, and to acquiesce in the proposals of her admirer. She, believing that he knew her and that he counselled his own dishonour, is driven to distraction. To shew that misery must always follow from such a connection, a violent quarrel now ensues between *Sir Edward* and *Lady Courtland*. The vindictive woman even goes so far as to have her favourite arrested for a pretended debt. By this time *Sir Felix Mordaunt*, uncle to *Sir Edward*, and *Hardy*, uncle to *Lady Apworth*, arrive, and take a large share in the bustle that is going forward. The *denouement* is at last brought about by a stratagem of *Belmore*. Having discovered who *Mrs. Hamilton* was, his object becomes to effect a reconciliation between her and her husband. For this purpose he still pretends to the latter that he has dishonourable views upon the fair stranger, and prevails upon him to assist in a scheme for securing her. *Sir Edward*, in disguise, is thus introduced into the presence of his injured wife. An affecting interview takes place between them; and after a proper explanation, she is induced by his compunction and tenderness to forgive him. A fortune of 50,000*l.* is bestowed upon *her* by *Hardy*, and *he* is declared heir to the wealthy *Sir Felix Mordaunt*. Two under-plots terminate in the union of *Lord Belmore* with the lovely *Emily*, *Lady Courtland's* grand-daughter, and in that of *Matthew Daw*, an honest Quaker, with a pert Abigail, who *verily* had won his heart.

ACCOUNT *of the New Grand* MELO-DRAME *of* '*The* SLEEPING BEAUTY,' *performed for the first Time at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, on Friday, Dec.* 6.

THE CHARACTERS were thus represented.

Adilbert	Mr. Decamp.
Sir Oswin	Mr. Russel.
Launcelot	Mr. Mathews.
Ethelred	Mr. G. D'Egville.
Ellen	Miss Decamp.
Ethelinde	Miss Bristow. (her first appearance.)
Edward	Mrs. Mountain.
Female Peasant	Mrs. Bland.
Elgiva	Miss Boyce.
AND	
The Fairy Melzarina	Madame Parisot.

The Scene lies in England, in the days of ancient chivalry, &c.

THE STORY.

Earl Egbert, a distinguished baron, having offended a powerful *Fairy*, she, by her *magic art*, destines his infant daughter *Ethelinde* to die by a wound from a spindle. To prevent this malicious prediction, no spinning-wheel is suffered, under pain of death, to be made use of in his domains. *Ethelinde* attains the age of seventeen, and possesses every grace of person and beauty of features, with a sensibility and understanding to charm the hearts of all who behold her, and render her parents most doatingly fond: yet, anxious to avoid the destined fate, *Melzarina*, the Fairy of Beneficence, is implored to prevent the evil. This is not in her power: *Ethelinde* receives the fatal wound. To soften this affliction, the good fairy *Melzarina* so far counteracts the malice of her opponent as to change the fate of *Ethelinde* from that of death to a death-

like *sleep,* which will continue for one hundred years; then will she awake in all the freshness of youth and beauty! The time of *Ethelinde's* awakening nearly arrives, when *Adilbert* (a knight-errant) accompanied by his friend *Oswin,* and his esquire *Launcelot,* set out in search of adventures. *Adilbert,* never having felt the passion of love, but impelled by a secret impulse, hearing of the above prediction, determines to force his way through all impediments. *Oswin,* his friend, accompanies him, in hopes of meeting a *female* resembling the *portrait* of his *ancient relative Elgiva,* his heart being free from all attacks of the living beauties he has seen; *Launcelot,* his 'squire, being contented with the possession of any willing fair one. The *knights* arrive at the entrance of a dark wood, in the midst of which the castle stands which contains the *sleeping beauty, Ethelinde.*

Ellen, a very ancient villager, is met by the *knights.* She informs them that the estates of the late *earl Egbert* are usurped by *Ethelred,* a haughty *baron,* whose ancestors had usurped the estates on the death of *Ethelinde's* parents. *Adilbert* vows, the charm being broken, to oppose the *usurper's* power, and right to the *sleeping Ethelinde.*

Ellen informs the *knights* that, having left the castle, she escaped the death-like sleep which possessed all within it; and that her former lover, *Edward,* was still amongst the sleepers, and would awake as gay and young as ever; and that should he still prove constant to her, though so aged, it was predicted she should be restored to her original youth and beauty.

Ellen departs; the *knights* pursue their course, braving every danger opposed to their entrance to the castle.

The *fairy, Melzarina,* appears to *Adilbert,* declaring that she will aid his cause. She disappears in the cloud which brought her.

The knights gain admission; the *whole household* appear in profound sleep; at length, after searching various apartments, they arrive at that of the *sleeping beauty,* who is discovered on her bed, with all her attendants, and her *page Edward.*

The *scene* of awaking commences; all arise with wonder and amazement, and recognise each other. *Adilbert* declares his passion to *Ethelinde,* who receives his vows; and *Oswin,* in the person of *Elgiva,* recognises the lady, whose picture had taken possession of his thoughts. *Launcelot* becomes enamoured of one of the attendants.

Edward (the *page*) seeks for his *Ellen* in vain, and laments her loss. At length *Ellen* arrives, and, notwithstanding her years, he still declares his passion unaltered. This breaks the charm, and *Ellen* is restored to youth and beauty.

An officer announces the approach of *Ethelred,* the *usurper,* and *his troops,* to claim the beauteous *Ethelinde* and her domains.

The *knights* immediately arm, call all their followers, and depart to meet the enemy.

They fight; the *usurper* is vanquished; the prediction accomplished; and the *fairy, Melzarina,* appears, and ratifies the union of the lovers.

This piece is avowedly from the pen of Mr. *Skeffington,* a gentleman of great celebrity in the higher circles. It will be seen by the above sketch, that the author has not intended to confine himself to the dull and beaten track of probability; but, giving the rein to his imagination, he has boldly ventured into the unbounded region of fairy necromancy and adventure. The valorous days

of chivalry are brought to our recollection; and the tales which warmed the breasts of youth with martial ardour are again rendered agreeable to the mind that is not so fastidious as to turn with fancied superiority from the pleasing delusion. The ladies, in particular, would be accused of ingratitude were they to look coldly upon the muse of Mr. *Skeffington*, who has put into the mouths of his two enamoured knights, *Adilbert* and *Oswin*, speeches and panegyrics upon the sex which would not discredit the effusions of *Oroondates*, or any other hero of romance. The proprietors seem fully confident of the value of Mr. *Skeffington*'s exertions by the magnificent liberality with which they have brought forward his melo-drame. The scenery is splendid in the extreme, and the dresses costly and appropriate. The view of the haunted wood and the enchanted bed-chamber of *Ethelinde* are entitled to particular commendation. The music, by Mr. Addison, is light, airy, and pleasing. Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland, and, above all, Miss Decamp, in imitating the decrepitude of age, were very successful. A Miss Bristow made her first appearance, and was very flatteringly received; her person is well formed, and her voice is soft and melodious. Parisot danced delightfully; and, from the *lightness* of her step, was a fit representation of the *fairy Melzarina*. The melo-drame was loudly applauded throughout, and announced with universal approbation for a repetition on Monday evening.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

'She, from morning to night,
Thinks the last word her right.'

MY fair readers, to you I address myself: and hoping that you, by perusing my tale, will not give way to a *narrow mind*, you that are young may easily check the growing evil; and you more elderly excuse my freedom, and profit by this sad example. I have the misfortune to have an aunt; and, to give a concise description of her, '*she is an emblem of wretchedness*.' Should this meet her eye, I trust she will excuse me; and, likewise, if I here expatiate a little on some of her domestic manœuvres,

'Nothing but truth will I here impart.'

My dear aunt in question from her infancy was of a *nipping, griping, grumbling*, and *hoarding* disposition—What a list of *virtues!* She was a long time ranked amongst the antiquated groupe of *old maids*; till at length an amorous swain solicited an interview: it was granted him; and he took the earliest opportunity to

'Whisper the sweet tale of nothing in her ear,'

which had the desired effect; and in a short time my dear, sweet, *generous* aunt was united in the silken bonds of wedlock.

'None but the brave deserves the fair.'

It happened that her looked-for *Adonis* proved almost an *Aristomanes* to her mercenary ambition: this was calculated, in a degree, to subdue her narrow, selfish disposition; but the vile seeds she had sown and cherished in her youthful season were impossible to be obliterated: they lived together a considerable number of years, and, thanks to heaven! had no offspring. My dear aunt, certainly, at this period, did not hold the reins, or, in other words, did not wear the *inexpressibles*: however, she outlived him; and she now resumed her old habit, retired to a neat small hut, hired a servant,

and lived as frugal as possible, supposing (I should presume) she was to live for ever, or intended to take her *hard-earned* pence with her to the grave: but fate (which, as I have heard her mention, orders all things) threw another love-sick swain at her feet of about the *tender* age of *fifty*, (being about equal with herself). This *youth* she had known from her infancy, in fact, was an old *solicitor*: he approached—plighted fond vows of constancy—sighed — simpered—sung a love song—talked of Cupid's darts—of his pleasant situation—of his pleasant meads—of his tame pigeons—and particularly of the sweet nightingales that every morning frequented his garden; but all this, added he, to me is no pleasure

'Without the sweet girl of my heart.'

After the usual time of fooling, he asked her hand in marriage; which (believe me) she readily granted, and they were married. This second partner of her joys proves the reverse of her former; she now exerts her full powers—wears the *inexpressibles—commands—nips* and *domineers*, and is now, I think,

'The most miserable of all God's creatures.'

Whenever I call (for she is hostess of an hotel) to take a small glass of ale, she demands three-halfpence for it, although I am her nephew, and have rendered her every assistance in my power—have wrote letters, and settled many accounts for her which she *reluctantly* gave up *as good for nothing*, yet her *meanness* will not suffer me to take a drop at her house unless I pay for it. Once, on a cold bitter day, I gave my *dear* aunt a call, and found a poor maimed sailor begging at the door; 'Stow a penny, good master, to poor Ben,' (quoth he) 'to buy a pipe of tobacco!' I emptied my pocket of coppers into his hat; for which he *returned a broadside* of thanks: I bade him go in and warm himself by the kitchen fire, which order poor Ben gladly obeyed. As soon as my *unfeeling* aunt perceived him, she desired he would go about his business: I answered, *he was now* about his business, and requested he might have a pipe and tobacco, to which he solicited a little ale; for which she sternly demanded threepence-halfpenny. Poor *generous* Ben (with the true spirit of a British sailor) instantly paid it, and thanked her for her kind indulgence. At this my heart rebounded; and I could not help chiding her for her *shocking meanness* in taking the only few pence from a distressed sailor, which, but the moment before, I had given him in charity. I begged she would return them again, and I actually paid it myself. I then made him sit down, and replenished his pot: he told me of the many battles he had bravely fought; and, when mentioning the name of *Nelson*, the tear stood trembling in his eye. My *dear, kind* aunt was a witness to this; and, I really believe, had it so happened that the immortal hero had been present in lieu of poor Ben, her *sad, unfeeling* disposition would have been exemplified in the like manner.

This may serve as a criterion by which, my dear females, you may learn what will be your *wretched lot* should you, like my *unhappy* aunt, cherish an *ungenerous, unfeeling* disposition. I trust there is not such another in existence, and I cannot find there ever was; for I have perused Matilda Betham's Biographical Dictionary, and find none ever equalled her.

Nightcap Hall, Green Baize-upon-Oak, Dec. 20, 1805. S. Y.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 584.)

CHAP. XLVI.

THE distraction of mind Matilda's swooning had thrown Alphonso into, and the confusion which succeeded, prevented his observation of its effect upon Victoria; but now more than ever convinced that something existed which threatened destruction to his beloved sister's peace, since her late proceedings had but too strongly evinced her tenderest affections being irrevocably placed upon conte Urbino, and trembling for the happiness of a being inexpressibly dear to him, he resolved instantly to demand an explanation from Urbino: he therefore hastily bent his impatient steps to the chamber of Theodore, whom he found so sad, so apparently wretched, that his compassionate heart knew not how, in such a moment, to introduce a subject which he doubted not would augment his distress. They both sat silent for a considerable time, buried in painful musing: at length the fraternal feelings of conte Ariosto conquering every other, he hastily arose from his seat and took the hand of Urbino.

'I know not,' he said, 'if this is the hand of a friend; but as I believe it, and fervently hope to find it such, I take it in amity, and trust you will excuse me if I give you one moment of mental pain. With a mind open and candid, a disposition governed by impetuosity, and a heart glowing with ardent wishes to find its favourable opinion deserved by you, I cannot longer bear to shelter these painful suspicions which circumstances have awakened. Conte Urbino, believe me, I would not for worlds attempt to penetrate these secrets you wish to withhold from me, did not the menaced happiness of a sister command me to it. I must, conte Urbino, exert every faculty of my mind, strain every fibre of my heart and frame, to preserve the peace, the fame, the delicacy, of my sister unwounded; for Victoria di Modena has now no guardian, no protector in life but me:—she claims all my tenderness, my anxious care; for she is my sister, my friend, the idol of my affections, the pride of my heart, the boast of our house, the most amiable among women.'

'Oh! conte Ariosto, need I be told what lady Victoria di Modena is? On earth is there a being who has such cause as I to know the perfections of her matchless mind?' Urbino replied with a look and in a tone of enthusiastic admiration and deep despondence touchingly blended: 'Victoria is the idol of my affections, conte; nor can the heart of her anxious brother beat with more fervent wishes for her happiness, or pant more ardently to secure her peace, her fame, her delicacy, than the suspected man before you.'

'Then why,' said Alphonso with quickness, 'why do you awaken such injustice by your evident attachment to another? Why does Matilda possess sufficient influence to break off your alliance with our house? and why should she be agitated, even to swooning, upon hearing of your nuptials with my sister mentioned?'

Urbino shuddered.——'Matilda swoon upon hearing of my promised happiness!—Can it be possible?'

'By Heaven, 'tis fact!' replied

Alphonso: 'even but now has she recovered, and been conveyed from my sister's chamber to her own.'

Urbino fell back in his chair, and for a moment his faculties seemed suspended: at length he recovered, and faintly said—

'If you have not been deceived, conte Ariosto, in the cause of Matilda's fainting, it has indeed given a fell blow to my happiness. Oh! dear, amiable, ill-fated Matilda! would to Heaven we had never, never met!'

A strong expression of horror overspread his countenance as he uttered this apostrophe. Alphonso earnestly observing him for a moment, while concern and indignation agitated his own breast, at length spoke with calm impressive dignity—

'Conte Urbino, farewell!' said he. 'I would not have troubled you with this interview, but that I had taken you to my heart, because I thought you well deserving a distinguished place there. I called you friend—I wished to call you brother—and would, with joy, have given you what I consider the highest prize that ever fell to the lot of man. Judge then how I thought of you. But I am deceived. I have offended the dignity of my sister, by deigning to solicit any explanation of a conduct that so unequivocally unfolds itself: but the obligations the house of Ariosto is under to you for the preservation of its greatest treasure, the vows my sister was compelled by villany to give you, can only plead my excuse. May you be happy, conte Urbino, with her who claims you! Victoria di Modena claims a man of honour, and an undivided heart.'

'Stay, I conjure you stay, conte Ariosto,' exclaimed Urbino, rising from an easy chair, where pillows had supported his languid frame—'stay, I conjure you. Judge me not thus precipitately—condemn me not without fuller proof of guilt than mere conjecture. Believe, your suspicions are unjust, and that I am incapable of such conduct as you ascribe to me. In me conte Ariosto beholds a man of honour, who has presumed to offer lady Victoria an undivided heart—a heart where she only reigns, where no other woman ever raised such tender interest—a heart (although contemned by you) proud in conscious rectitude, and, whilst it throbs with life, will beat with the most pure, most ardent, and unconquerable attachment to your sister.' Urbino's feeble frame could no longer support exertion: he tottered, and fell into his chair. Alphonso, subdued by his situation, flew to his assistance.

'Forgive me,' he cried, 'if I have injured you. What, what could I think from all I have——!'

'Think!' interrupted Urbino in a faltering voice, but with impressive solemnity, 'think that I am an unfortunate but not an unworthy man, doomed at present, and perhaps for ever, to forego the dearest hopes of my heart, and compelled to wear the appearance of duplicity, from which my nature shrinks; and that the amiable unfortunate Matilda has no claims upon me but those of pure unalterable friendship.'

At this moment a folded paper fell from above at the feet of Alphonso, who picked it up in surprise, and, not knowing what so strange a circumstance could mean, opened it, and saw a few words written in such unsteady characters, that he recognised not a man's writing; but supposing it from Matilda, still under the influence of her powerful agitation, and intended for Theodore, he felt painfully disconcerted, and without delay presented it, coldly saying—

'This aërial favour is, I believe, conte Urbino, intended for you.'

Urbino looked on the paper; a flush of the most animated joy overspread his before pallid and agonised countenance; and in a voice tremulous with rapturous emotions he exclaimed, after a grateful apostrophe to Heaven—

'The moment of my acquittal is nearer than I could have dared to hope, my friend. This billet is from him whose disappearance caused me such misery and anguish. Soon, I now trust, shall I be absolved from my fatal promise—shall I learn the solution of many dreadful mysteries; and, assuming my native ingenuousness, at length be allowed to appear to the sensitive brother of Victoria with a fame as spotless as his own.'

'And until then,' said conte Ariosto, 'we will not meet. To me reserve with those I love is misery, and to suspect them death. I might prove but an insipid, nay, I fear, a sullen companion; imbibing prejudices and fancies which future years might not remove; and, with every trifle, feeding green and yellow monsters ungenial to peace and friendship. Whilst our hearts are thus barricadoed by that gloomy devil reserve we should prove but comfortless society to each other; but when this man of mystery, this cruel descendant of Harpocrates, unchains your tongue, and permits the secrets of your heart to flow into the bosom of friendship, summon me, and joyfully will I come.'

'You are right,' replied Urbino, 'and we will not meet until I can dismantle from the black garb of mystery. The society of him who thinks he has reason to suspect my integrity would be tortures to me. Therefore adieu, conte Ariosto. When next I see you, you shall know me for a man of honour, and I trust we shall meet as friends and brothers.'

'And then,' said conte Ariosto with a sweet conciliating smile, which found its way directly to the heart of Urbino, so strong was the resemblance it caused to Victoria, 'and then, were we mussulmen, and that I had a hundred sisters, and every one a Victoria, I would give them all to you.' And now, with a cordial and affectionate shake by the hand, the two friends parted.

Self-banished from Urbino, Alphonso now dedicated more of his time to Sebastian, who ever expressed anxiety for and pleasure in his visits: but in the apartments of Victoria he spent the chief part of his hours, affectionately attending her, beguiling her into taking food, playfully feeding her, reading to her, and striving to enliven her but too apparent sadness by the uncommon cheerfulness of his disposition.

In the chamber of Victoria was Matilda too almost constantly to be found; and to emulate Alphonso in his tender care of his interesting sister seemed this grateful and lovely young woman's anxious study. She would sweetly sing to her; draw in the most burlesque groupes all the grotesque and motley figures in the castle; tell her, with infinite humour and propriety, curious and entertaining anecdotes of the convent she had been educated in; watch every look of Victoria to anticipate her wishes, and do her some little act of attentive kindness. And yet Matilda was the detestation of conte Ariosto; scarcely could he command the natural urbanity of his heart, or the easy spontaneous politeness his intuitive feelings and the polish of high life inspired, to treat her with even that common civility which, as a woman, she claimed.

This extraordinary conduct in her beloved brother did not escape the observation of Victoria, who, shocked and grieved, anxiously sought for the cause, and was not slow in assigning one. From her attentive scrutiny, she learned that Matilda keenly felt the uncourteous conduct of Alphonso, without discovering any resentment, but with patient mildness chased away the starting tear, and suppressed the convulsive sigh it ever occasioned, whilst in no other part of her conduct did she evince a similar meekness of spirit and forbearance; that whenever the name of Urbino was mentioned the eyes of Alphonso were invariably fixed, in scrutinising gaze, upon the blushing face of Matilda, overwhelming her with a painful degree of confusion she ever vainly endeavoured to conceal; that her vivacity, at first so conspicuous, was gradually forsaking her, her appetite fast declining, and each day her appearance betraying the new inroads of inquietude. By all this Victoria was convinced of Alphonso's being in the secret of Matilda's attachment to Theodore, and that she was painfully conscious of his being so.

To remain then longer in the castle Victoria now considered as cruelty and injustice to the wronged Matilda, and reprehensible in every point of view; she determined at once to strain every faculty of mind and frame to enable her to pursue that path rectitude had pointed out to her: and now, having a new project to occupy her thoughts, or at least to detach them in some degree from the misery of inaction, her languor seemed hourly to decrease, and every moment her strength appeared augmenting.

Alphonso was delighted by this auspicious change in his beloved sister; and expressing his feelings upon it to her, she informed him 'that in a very few days she hoped to be sufficiently recovered to attempt a return to St. Marguerite's.' Alphonso was rejoiced: he had long wished her removed from the castle, which for many reasons he considered an improper situation for her; and he was now impatient at being so long unsummoned by Urbino; of whom, in spite of every effort of partiality, suspicions were once more arising. Matilda, who was present, appeared sensibly affected at Victoria's intention, and after a painful pause, in which she had been endeavouring to suppress her feelings, mournfully said—

'Misfortune has too surely marked me for her own, or I should not so soon be deprived of that society I have long been taught to wish for and to prize; and now, when experience has made me know how to appreciate its value, how keenly shall I feel its loss! But, lady Victoria, when you and Theodore are united, surrounded by friends, encompassed by happiness, by fortune's sweetest smiles, you will not, I trust, forget me; and when a child of sorrow shall cross your path, bestow one pitying sigh for the misfortunes of the forlorn deserted outcast, the still grateful though wretched Matilda.' A flood of long-suppressed tears now burst from confinement; bitterly Matilda wept, and Victoria was dreadfully affected.

'Ah! lady Victoria,' said Matilda, hastily wiping her tears away, and striving with all her power to regain her firmness, 'I beg a thousand pardons for thus intruding my sorrows upon you. I have been long accustomed to the pangs of misfortune, and should by this time know better how to bear them.' She paused a moment, and then, looking beseechingly at Victoria, continued, 'Oh! that I dare ask

you to take me with you! This will be an awkward shelter for me when you are gone. No friend then left but Theodore, and he only for a short time; for, when he is able to travel, of course he will hasten after you: and beside, were he to remain here, the world might think him an improper guardian for me; though I well know he would do every thing that honour and humanity could inspire to save me from injury and sorrow. Seignor Sebastian's connexions will call him far from hence; my guardian is gone, I fear me, for ever; and I shall then have no one here to—' The articulation of Matilda was painfully arrested; but with a determined effort of fortitude she hemmed away the feelings that arose almost to choke her, and she continued—

'The abbess of St. Marguerite's, I have heard you say, lady Victoria, is an estimable woman; and perhaps hereafter her humanity might be prevailed upon to admit me into her house. Yet how can I hope it? for, should my guardian never return—' Terrified at the idea she had thus awakened, Matilda paused, turned pale, and trembled.

Alphonso, not wishing that Matilda should become the companion of his sister until every doubt and suspicion respecting her should be removed, eagerly interrupted Victoria, who was about to offer her an immediate asylum in her protection.

'But, donna Matilda, although your guardian may never return, you must surely have some other connexions in Spain, who, although not perhaps personally known to you, would be happy, upon your applying to them, to protect you? Why not retire immediately amongst your friends in the convent where you were educated? Why banish yourself from your family and connexions? Why wish to desert your native country?'

'Conte Ariosto,' replied Matilda in a tone of the most touching sadness, "I have no friends, no connexions, no country. I know not the spot upon the surface of this globe which I can claim as the place of my nativity; nor is there a being upon earth that I know of to whom I can raise my supplicating hands, and say, "I belong to you—you have a right to shelter me."' And with a look of the most piteous anguish she quitted her seat, and precipitately left the room, with a glow of wounded pride giving still greater interest to her lovely countenance, leaving both her auditors sensibly affected. And from that hour the conduct of Alphonso underwent a total revolution towards her; from that hour it became, like his manner to his sick sister, gentle, conciliating, attentive, and kind; solicitous to please, and fearing to give pain. Yet still the Matilda who threatened destruction to his sister's happiness was his aversion; but she was the child of misfortune, and he held her feelings sacred, while in conjunction with Victoria he determined to protect her.

Both brother and sister had powerful motives for not wishing Matilda, at this period, to be the companion of Victoria. Alphonso's we have already stated. Our heroine's were all that delicacy and generosity inspired, relative to her own situation, and Matilda's hopes of regaining the estranged affections of Urbino. But each concealed their reasons from the other; while, in concert, they determined to procure an immediate asylum for Matilda in the convent where she had been educated; to make it seignora Bernini's interest to remain with her as long as it should be found necessary; and at a future period, if she found no other more eligible protectors, to remove her to St. Marguerite's, or wherever she might then wish to go. Octavia joyfully

accepted their advantageous proposals; and when their intentions were delicately made known to Matilda, she appeared almost wild with gratitude and joy.

CHAP. XLVII.

Arrangements were now rapidly making for Victoria's journey back to France, while each passing moment taught her more and more anxiety to be gone. She heard that conte Urbino was so much recovered as to be able to quit his chamber and visit Sebastian; that he had frequent meetings with Matilda, although he had not made a single effort to obtain an interview with her. A formal message of inquiry after her health, delivered by Diego, or the now happy Teresa, morning and evening, was all the notice he seemed now to bestow upon her; and even the little tender remembrances conveyed by Pierre and her brother from him to her had some time ceased to be repeated. Her heart was agonised, while reason told her that the wishes rectitude ought firmly to inspire were realising. Urbino was awakening from infatuation to justice and virtue. Sadly she sighed acquiescence, while something like mortified pride, mingled with better feelings, urged her to depart.

Victoria doubted nothing of Alphonso's friendship, his judgment, or his delicacy; but, fearing the impetuosity of his ardent temper, she forbore to impart to him the misery that oppressed her: but, with the advice of Farinelli, she had reposed her full confidence in her old respected friend, the good and wise Alberti, who, a participator also in Alphonso's suspicions, applauded her laudable resolutions, and strengthened her in them by his counsels and his piety.

At length, the day preceding that appointed for our heroine's departure from the castle arrived—a day in which she found herself doomed to sustain one of the most severe and heart-rending trials she had ever experienced. She had informed Alberti and Ursuline, that, in her researches in the castle for her friends, a packet for conte di Urbino had been confided to her care, with awful and impressive injunctions to be herself the deliverer of it; and although she considered the solemn request of a dying man too sacred to be disregarded, yet, situated as she was, she thought it could be no crime to delegate the important trust to her brother, who would execute it faithfully, and who, at the same time, could, as her proper guardian, convey her rejection of conte di Urbino to him with more propriety than, in her delicate situation with him, she could possibly do. But Alberti, knowing the fermentation of Alphonso's ardent mind relative to Urbino and Matilda, feared the most fatal consequences from his interference, and therefore represented to Victoria, 'that she was under the absolute necessity, from the awful nature of her implied promise to a dying man, of being herself the deliverer of the important packet; and owing such obligations as she did to conte di Urbino, he might consider it ungrateful to employ another, even a brother, in a business of so delicate, so mortifying, a nature as her rejection of him.

Victoria thought Alberti too fastidious; but, with a mournful sigh, acquiesced in his, to her terrible, decree. Well she knew what an agonising trial it would prove to her; but yet she hoped the power who actuated her conduct would sustain her through it. An interview with Urbino was therefore requested; and to the moment he was in Sebastian's study, the place appointed for this distressing meeting. Victoria heard him in the room some moments before she could collect sufficient firm-

ness to appear to him. At length she entered from her own chamber, pale and trembling with the dreadful agitation of her mind, supported by the venerable Ursuline, who was to be the sole witness of their parting interview.

Victoria's eyes were fixed upon the floor. She could not raise them to look upon Urbino, whom she was about to give up for ever: but ere she was aware of his intention he was at her feet, attempting to speak of his obligations to her. But soon he found acute feeling the destroyer of eloquence, and he was at length compelled to a compliance with the entreaties of our heroine, to speak not upon a subject so oppressive to her, nor thus to appreciate so far beyond its merit the little gratitude had led her to attempt for him to whom she owed more than life.

They all at last were seated. Urbino was silent, from wanting power to speak. A painful and embarrassing pause ensued, which, after several unsuccessful efforts, was broken, in a low and tremulous voice, by Victoria.

'Conte Urbino,' she said, 'I leave this castle to-morrow, on my return to St. Marguerite's; and therefore requested this interview, that I might deliver into your hands a sacred deposit. In my researches through this castle, Providence directed my footsteps to the couch of a dying man, who in the last moments of his life confided this packet to my care, with a solemn request to preserve it from the knowledge of every being until I could myself deliver it into your own hand. This important commission I should have sooner executed, but an opportunity was not given to me.' Victoria presented the packet; and the moment Urbino's eyes glanced over the superscription, the striking melancholy of his dejected countenance gave place to the most animated expression of joy, amazement, and rapture.

'O my Victoria!' he exclaimed, in a voice tremulous from excess of emotion, as he pressed with lively fervor to his lips the hand which gracefully gave up the important trust to him, 'O my Victoria! Heaven has decreed you to be every way my preserver. You have rescued me from a dreadful death—you restore to me my hopes of happiness—for in this packet is, I doubt not, contained my fate—a solution of those mysteries which so long, so dreadfully, have encompassed me. It will announce to me who I am, and what are my pretensions—it will restore me to the friendship of conte Ariosto—and, oh rapture! it will, I trust, allow me to plead my dearest hopes with you!' He paused for a moment, and then proceeded: 'Permit my now retiring, lady Victoria, that I may learn the wondrous and important secrets this reveals—until I recover from the wild, the painfully rapturous, emotions it has awakened: then will I see conte Ariosto; then, sanctioned by him, will I present myself before you what I really am, and in my own character plead with Victoria for my happiness.'

Victoria's soul was wrung with anguish: but though her heart might bleed, her senses sicken, she would not falter in her duty. Another interview she knew would be death to her: it was now but one more agonising effort, and all would be over, and her happiness gone for ever.

'Stay, conte di Urbino,' she said, 'one moment stay, and all will be terminated.' She gasped for breath to proceed; her lips quivered, her before flushed cheek changed to the pallid hue of death. Tears, that would no longer be restrained, rolled down the cheeks of Ursuline. Urbino caught all the horrors of alarm: the chill of fear pervaded his whole

frame, his swelling heart almost fluttered from its bounds, and he listened in breathless apprehension. She at length proceeded :—

'With difficulty can I repress emotions that seem to upbraid me with ingratitude: but let not my preserver condemn me for the painfully ungracious effort I am doomed to make. Conte di Urbino'—The articulation of victoria was now quick, low, and tremulous. 'Conte di Urbino, I have well consulted the feelings of my heart; and although I find there gratitude, admiration, and esteem, in the most exalted degree for you, I, alas! also find, that an union with you could not bestow happiness upon me.'

For many moments Theodore was unable to articulate; amazement, grief, and dismay, convulsed his frame, and chained up all his faculties. At length he spoke, and in a tone so expressive of his misery, that the venerable Farinelli sobbed aloud, and the power which rectitude possessed over our heroine's mind alone preserved her from betraying to him the real situation of her heart.

'Lady Victoria,' he said, 'am I then indeed a wretch rejected by you, deprived at once of every ray of happiness that life e'er promised me? Oh! why, why did you then enter my dungeon, to snatch me from certain and immediate death, to doom me thus to a lingering life of torture?' Tears now gushed from his eyes, and in an agony of grief his head sunk upon the elbow of the couch on which he rested. A half-suppressed sob of Victoria's reached his ears, and roused at once his fortitude; he instantly arose from his seat, and in a graceful attitude of retreat he gently, sadly said—

'Forgive, I entreat, my thus distressing you. I wish not pity to effect for me what affection has denied me. I have no right to complain, still less to upbraid you. My self-love flattered me into destructive delusions, and perhaps I am justly punished for my presumption. But indeed I thought,' and his voice fell to a cadence of such touching pathos it thrilled to Victoria's very soul, 'I thought, in the fleeting moments of receding life, when extended upon my bed of straw within my wretched cell, I thought a voice (whose tones my heart can never, never cease to vibrate) breathed one short sentence, which called me back to life, to hope, to happiness. It sounded sweetly round my bed of sickness: it nursed, it soothed, it cherished me. It led me back to health:—and now, the most fascinating form that fancy ever pourtrayed a vision in dissolves, and leaves me wretched!'

Victoria threw herself into the arms of Ursuline, and sobbed upon the bosom of her venerable friend. Urbino took her trembling hand.

'Why, oh! why, lady Victoria,' said he, 'if my wretchedness can thus affect you, why do you banish me from you, and consign me thus to misery? But I see, I know too well the cause. You believe me unworthy. Some strange suspicion of my honour has found an entrance into your ingenuous bosom, Even on that—oh! how I vainly thought auspicious—day your faithless guardian gave you to me, I saw some dreadful doubts of my rectitude stole into your mind; and the visible effects, as we drove from the château of de Montfort, gave a mortal blow to my peace; and certainly, most certainly, since you suspect my integrity, you ought to reject me. The house of Ariosto claims alliance with spotless honour —Victoria di Modena with every virtue under heaven.'

'Oh! no, no, conte di Urbino,' replied our dreadfully agitated heroine, summoning, with all the forces of her mind, sufficient fortitude to proceed in this agonising conflict,

'I doubt not your honour; I believe you as perfectly amiable as my own brother, but I cannot be your wife. Farewell, then, my highly-esteemed friend; and when you visit Alphonso in Tuscany, I hope—I trust—I shall see you happy—as Heaven knows I wish you.' She arose to depart. Urbino looked mournfully at her—

'Happy!' he repeated in a tone of deep despair: 'No, Victoria, never, never.'—Leaning upon the arm of seignora Farinelli, Victoria with tremulous steps moved towards her chamber. Urbino, at once deprived of fortitude, darted after her, and grasped her hand.

'Oh stay, Victoria, stay!' he exclaimed, in the broken voice of anguish—'I only ask, my life, my love, my preserver, my wife—I only ask one moment's stay ere you rob me of peace for ever.'

Victoria could no longer sustain the heart-rending conflict; but, breaking from his convulsed grasp, rushed into her chamber, closed the door, and, sinking upon her knees, fervently implored Heaven to spare her senses to her through the mental sufferings she was doomed to, and to grant her resignation to bear her fate with firmness. And in about two hours after this severe trial, when conte Ariosto, unacquainted with the occurrences of the morning, entered his sister's chamber, and saw the mournful serenity of Victoria's countenance, mingled with an expression of celestial sweetness so affecting, he could scarcely withstand the impulse of folding her in his arms, and weeping over her, through sympathy awakened for he knew not what.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Alphonso told our heroine, that he had been detained from her so long by being engaged making arrangements for the most effectual methods of recompensing those people about the castle who had been kind and serviceable to her. Victoria threw her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

'Why so easily affected, my beloved Victoria?' said he, tenderly kissing away the falling tears. 'Ah! I fear my sister is not happy—that she has some secret grief which she conceals from me.'

'When we are at Palino together,' said she, faintly smiling, 'I will disclose every secret of my heart to you.'

'And then,' he replied with fervor, 'if the exertions of an affectionate brother can promote your happiness, my Victoria's bosom shall be the mansion of tranquillity.'

Farinelli now turned the conversation upon the plan of their approaching journey; and, after discussing the different arrangements for some time, Victoria told Alphonso she must visit Sebastian before her departure, to thank him for his past kindness, to entreat a continuation of his friendship, and to request him to visit her at the castle of Palino when she should be settled there. 'Will you, my Alphonso,' continued she, 'be the bearer of my mission to him? Will you request permission for me to take my coffee with him this evening, should he have engaged no other company?'

'I will go,' returned Alphonso smiling: 'but is this all my embassy? Have I no other assignation to make for my sister with any other gentleman? Will not Urbino, think you, be jealous? Come, come, for once do violence to your inclinations; extend your charity to that poor fellow, and grant him the mighty boon of a parting interview.'

'I have seen conte Urbino. Our parting interview is over,' said Vic-

toria in a faltering voice, and with an unconquerable look of anguish that instantly gave alarm to the ardent affectionate temper of Alphonso; whose agitated manner and incoherent expressions gave, in return, such alarm to her heart, that, fearing the mischief of misconception, where conjecture and a confused idea of facts were the only guides, she gave up at once the thought of further concealment, and revealed to her brother every secret of her heart, every motive which actuated her conduct.

Victoria's gentle, generous representations hushed every hostile thought within Alphonso's bosom, whilst they called forth exultation that such a being was his sister, and grief that her virtues were called upon to sacrifice her peace; and while he applauded the delicate, generous motive that withheld Victoria's mentioning Matilda to Urbino, as the cause of her rejection of him, he felt firmly persuaded of Matilda's being unworthy of such generosity, such delicate consideration. He believed her arts and blandishments had ensnared in some successful toil the honour of Urbino, whose affections, he doubted not, were fixed upon Victoria; and so anxious was he for the happiness of his sister, so partially inclined to Urbino, he would, in spite of every argument circumstances presented against him, preserve the latent hope that Urbino would confirm his own assertions, and ere long evince himself a man of unblemished honour: and these flattering hopes his sanguine mind encouraged he would fain have transplanted to his sister's bosom; but with infinite concern he soon found his efforts all were vain. The mournful, placid smile of resignation, that beamed on Victoria's face, told him she cherished no hope; and saying he would go on her embassy to Sebastian, Alphonso tenderly pressed her hand, and precipitately retired to hide the tear of painful sympathy that trembled in his eyes. In the library he met Matilda, who, with a countenance expressive of grief and anxiety, was hurrying to the chamber of Victoria.

'May I ask whither donna Matilda is hastening?' said Alphonso, who guessed that her presence could not at this moment prove a source of pleasure to Victoria. 'If to my sister, I am sorry to prevent your kindly intended visit: but she is now a little indisposed, and cannot have the pleasure of seeing you: even I am forced to leave her.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Matilda in a voice of distress, 'not see me! To-morrow she leaves the castle; and if I cannot see her, what will become of Theodore?'

Alphonso was startled. 'May I, who am flattered by my sister's confidence, now answer as her representative, and relieve your apparent distress?'

'Oh, no, no! you possess not her feeling, her sensibility; and my business is to awaken them, to plead for Theodore, whom she has rejected and made wretched. Little, little did I imagine lady Victoria could have done this. Oh! how fondly did I flatter myself that Theodore was not doomed to sigh in hopelessness, and that all lady Victoria did for him were proofs of the most tender attachment!'

'Oh most consummate hypocrite!' thought Alphonso: then, fixing his penetrating eyes full upon Matilda's blushing face, he spoke with striking emphasis—

'Is it possible that donna Matilda can feel distress at my sister's rejection of conte Urbino, when rumour strongly reports the fair Matilda's having a friend whose claims

upon the heart of conte Urbino are prior to my sister's?'

Matilda's face changed from a bright tint of vermilion to the pale hue of death; her bosom heaved convulsively; and, after a painful pause, she with difficulty articulated—

'Rumour could only glance at *me*:—but know, conte Ariosto, although I own that I love Urbino with the tenderest affection, neither the bribes of fortune nor the pangs of torture should force me to be his wife. I estimate Theodore beyond any other mortal; nay, I almost adore his virtues: yet, even were I not conscious of the strength, the tenderness of his unalienable attachment to lady Victoria di Modena, I would sooner expire by every pang that cruelty could torture me with than unite myself with him.' An unequivocal expression of horror now assumed its empire over her agitated countenance, and she trembled to such excess, she was forced to lean against a pillar for support. Alphonso was more amazed than ever; and, though lost in vague conjecture, he kindly took her death-cold hand, and led her to a seat.

'Forgive, I entreat,' said he, 'my thus distressing you. I wish not to pain your sensibility, nor to penetrate into mysteries you may perhaps be forbidden to reveal. Idle curiosity does not prompt my inquiry. The happiness of Urbino urges me to——.' At this moment the venerable Anselmo entered the library, the traces of tears still visible upon his highly-flushed cheeks, and his agitated frame and countenance betraying the most striking emotion.

'Donna Matilda,' said this amiable old man, 'I am commissioned to request your presence in the chamber of your friend Sebastian, where some important intelligence awaits you; to receive which, my daughter, I would have you summon all your fortitude. How to brave misfortunes you have already learned; but how to bear prosperity and happiness are tasks almost too arduous for your years.'

'Are happiness and prosperity to be the lot of Theodore?' exclaimed Matilda in a voice of impetuous emotion.

'I trust they are,' replied the monk.

'Then let me fly to gratulate him,' said she, wildly grasping the good Anselmo's arm. Conte Ariosto hastened into the dining-parlour, and met her with a glass of water, which he persuaded her to drink; and as he kindly supported her through the hall, said to the reverend Anselmo—

'I was going, holy father, on a mission from my sister to seignor Sebastian, but find this would be an improper season.'

'In a few hours hence,' replied Anselmo, 'he will, I trust, be better able to receive you. In truth, conte Ariosto, he is now unnerved—unfitted for society. Tell the amiable lady Victoria, Heaven has decreed, that through her means the innocent will regain their rights, and a good man be restored to happiness.'

'And tell her from me,' said Matilda emphatically, 'that Theodore deserves her; and if she regards her own happiness, she will revoke the harsh, the cruel sentence of this morning.'

They now reached the staircase, which the agitated monk and Matilda tremulously ascended; while Alphonso hastily returned to our heroine, to whom he imparted all that had occurred in this interview with Matilda and Anselmo.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Anecdotes

of the

RIGHT HON. LORD NELSON

OF THE NILE, K. B.

With an elegant Engraving.

(Continued from p. 604.)

AT Toulon, and the celebrated victories achieved at Bastia and Calvi, lord Hood bore ample testimony to the skill and unremitting exertions of captain Nelson: during the memorable siege of Bastia, he superintended the disembarkation of troops and stores; and commanded a brigade of seamen, who served on shore at the batteries, having captains Hunt, Sericold, and Bullen, under his orders: in the execution of which duty, captain Nelson gave eminent and repeated proofs both of skill as a commander and of personal intrepidity.

At the siege of Calvi (July and August 1794) he also distinguished himself in a conspicuous manner, when commanding an advanced battery of seamen on shore; and lord Hood on that * occasion, as on every other, gave him a just tribute of applause. It was at this siege that captain Nelson lost the sight of his right eye, by a shot from the enemy's battery striking the upper part of that which he commanded; and driving, with prodigious force, some particles of sand against his face.

The following letter, which he received during the siege of Calvi, from lord Hood, inclosing the resolutions of the two houses of parliament, was highly flattering to captain Nelson's feelings, and shews the estimation in which his services were then held:

'*Victory, off Calvi, Aug.* 8, 1794.

'Sir,

'Having received his majesty's commands to communicate to the respective officers, seamen, marines, and soldiers, who have been employed in the different operations which have been successfully carried on against the enemy in Corsica, a resolution of the two houses of parliament, which I have the honour herewith to inclose; and desire you will make known to all in the Agamemnon, and such other officers and seamen as are with you, and were employed at Bastia, the sense that is entertained of their spirited and meritorious conduct.'

Lord Hood having left the Mediterranean in the month of October, 1794, admiral (now lord) Hotham, on whom the command devolved, honoured captain Nelson with equal confidence: he again distinguished himself in the actions with the French fleet of the thirteenth and fourteenth of March, and also on the thirteenth of July, 1795. Captain Nelson was afterwards appointed by admiral Hotham to cooperate with the Austrian general De Vins, at Vado Bay, on the coast of Genoa: in which service he continued during the whole time ad-

* Lord Hood, in his official letter, says, 'The journal I herewith transmit from captain Nelson, who had the command of the seamen, will shew the daily occurrences of the siege; and whose unremitting zeal and exertion I cannot sufficiently applaud, or that of captain Hallowell, who took it by turns to command in the advanced batteries twenty-four hours at a time; and I flatter myself they, as well as the other officers and seamen, will have full justice done them by the general: it is therefore unnecessary for me to say more upon the subject.'

miral Hotham retained the command, until the month of November; when the latter was superseded by sir John Jervis.—In April, 1796, the commander in chief so much approved of captain Nelson's conduct, that he was directed to wear a distinguishing pendant; and in May he was removed from his old and favourite ship the Agamemnon to the Captain, 74 guns; after having buffeted the former about, in every kind of service, during three years and a half: on the eleventh of August a captain was appointed under him.

From the month of April until October, 1795, commodore Nelson was constantly employed in the most arduous service, viz. the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Porto Ferrajo, with the island of Caprea: and lastly in the evacuation of Bastia: whence having convoyed the troops in safety to Porto Ferrajo, he joined the admiral in St. Fiorenzo Bay, and proceeded with him to Gibraltar.

During the month of December, 1796, commodore Nelson hoisted his broad pendant on board La Minerve frigate, captain George Cockburne, and was dispatched with that ship, and La Blanche, to Porto Ferrajo, to bring the naval stores left there to Gibraltar; which the fleet at that time much wanted. On the passage thither, in the night of the nineteenth of December, 1796, the commodore fell in with two Spanish frigates: he immediately attacked the ship which carried the poop-light, and directed the Blanche to bear down to engage the other. At forty minutes past ten at night, the commodore brought his ship to close action, which continued, without intermission, until half past one, when La Sabina*, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen-pounders on her main deck, and 286 men, commanded by captain Don Jacobo Stuart, struck to La Minerve. Captain Preston in La Blanche silenced the ship he had engaged, but could not effect possession, owing to three more ships heaving in sight.

Commodore Nelson's letter to sir John Jervis respecting the above action, dated December 20, 1796, may be considered as a noble example of that generous and modest spirit, which pervades the minds of great men: he assumes no merit to himself, but gives the whole to captain Cockburne, his officers, and crew.

——'You are, sir, so thoroughly acquainted with the merits of capt. Cockburne, that it is needless for me to express them; but the discipline of La Minerve does the highest credit to her captain and lieutenants, and I wish fully to express the sense I have of their judgment and gallantry. Lieutenant Culverhouse, the first lieutenant, is an old officer of very distinguished merit: lieutenants Hardy†, Gage, and Noble, deserve every praise which gallantry and zeal justly entitle them to; as does every other officer and man in the ship.'

On the 29th of January, 1797, commodore Nelson sailed in La Minerve from Porto Ferrajo, on his return to join sir John Jervis; having on board sir Gilbert Elliot (now lord Minto), late viceroy of Corsica, with lieutenant-colonel Drinkwater, and others of sir Gilbert Elliot's

* La Sabina had one hundred and sixty-four men killed and wounded: she lost her mizen-mast during the action, with the main and fore-masts. La Minerve had seven killed, and thirty-four wounded; all her masts were shot through, and her rigging much cut.

† This same excellent officer commanded the Mutine brig, on the 1st of August, 1798—and was afterwards captain of the Vanguard.

suite; after reconnoitring the principal ports of the enemy in the Mediterranean, the commodore arrived at Gibraltar a few days after the Spanish fleet had passed through the Straits from Carthagena. Impatient to join sir John Jervis, the commodore remained only one day at Gibraltar; and on the 11th of February, in proceeding thence to the westward to the place of rendezvous, he was chased by two line of battle ships; and fell in with their whole fleet off the mouth of the Straits. The commodore fortunately effected his escape, and joined the admiral off Cape St. Vincent, on the 13th of February; just in time to communicate intelligence relative to the force, and state of the Spanish fleet; and to shift his pendant on board his former ship the Captain, of 74 guns, Ralph W. Miller, esq. commander.

Commodore Nelson had not removed from La Minerve to the Captain many minutes, when, on the morning of the same day, the signal was thrown out for the British fleet to prepare for action: the ships were also directed to keep in close order during the night.

As the Gazette letters afford but an imperfect idea of the exploits of commodore Nelson on this memorable day, we shall refer to such documents as throw considerable light on his brilliant achievements of the 14th of February. An officer who was on board the Lively repeating frigate, commanded by lord viscount Garlies, has since published a letter to a friend, which was originally intended for a private circle; this gentleman had an opportunity of observing the manœuvres of both fleets; and by comparing his own minutes afterwards, with those of others, and conversing with the principal characters, he has been enabled to give the public a most correct and interesting account of this glorious action.—

When sir John Jervis on the 14th of February had accomplished his bold intention of breaking the enemy's line, the Spanish admiral, who had been separated to windward with his main body, consisting of 18 ships of the line, from nine ships that were cut off to leeward, appeared to make a movement, as if with a view to join the latter. This design was completely frustrated by the timely opposition of commodore Nelson, whose station in the rear of the British line afforded him an opportunity of observing this manœuvre: his ship, the Captain, had no sooner passed the rear of the enemy's ships that were to windward, than he ordered her to wear, and stood on the other tack towards the enemy.

In executing this bold and decisive manœuvre, the commodore reached the sixth ship from the enemy's rear, which bore the Spanish admiral's flag, the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns; a ship of four decks, reported to be the largest in the world. Notwithstanding the inequality of force, the commodore instantly engaged this colossal opponent; and for a considerable time had to contend not only with her, but with her seconds ahead and astern, each of three decks. While he maintained this unequal combat, which was viewed with admiration mixed with anxiety, his friends were flying to his support: the enemy's attention was soon directed to the Culloden, captain Troubridge, and in a short time after to the Blenheim, of 90 guns, captain Frederick, who opportunely came to his assistance.

The intrepid conduct of the commodore staggered the Spanish admiral, who already appeared to waver in pursuing his intention of joining the ships cut off by the British fleet; when the Culloden's timely arrival, and captain Troubridge's spirited support

of the commodore, together with the approach of the Blenheim, followed by rear-admiral Parker, with the Prince George, Orion, Irresistible, and Diadem, not far distant, determined the Spanish admiral to change the design altogether, and to throw out the signal for the ships of his main body to haul their wind, and make sail on the larboard tack.

Not a moment was lost in improving the advantage now apparent in favour of the British squadron: as the ships of rear-admiral Parker's division approached the enemy's ships in support of the Captain (commodore Nelson's ship) and her gallant seconds, the Blenheim and Culloden, the cannonade became more animated and impressive. In this manner did commodore Nelson engage a Spanish three-decker, until he had nearly expended all the ammunition in his ship; which had suffered the loss of her fore-top mast, and received such considerable damage in her sails and rigging, that she was almost rendered *hors du combat*. At this critical period, the Spanish three-decker, having lost her mizen-mast, fell on board a Spanish two-decker, of 84 guns, that was her second: this latter ship consequently now became the commodore's opponent, and a most vigorous fire was kept up for some time, by both ships, within pistol-shot.

It was now that the commodore's ship lost many men, and that the damages already sustained, through the long and arduous conflict which she had maintained, appeared to render a continuance of the contest in the usual way precarious, or perhaps impossible. At this critical moment, the commodore, from a sudden impulse, instantly resolved on a bold and decisive measure; and determined, whatever might be the event, to attempt his opponent sword in hand: the boarders were summoned, and orders given to lay his ship on board the enemy.

Fortune favours the brave; nor on this occasion was she unmindful of her favourite. Ralph Willett Miller, the commodore's captain, so judiciously directed the course of his ship, that he laid her aboard the starboard quarter of the Spanish eighty-four, her spritsail-yard passing over the enemy's poop, and hooking in her mizen shrouds; when the word to board being given, the officers and seamen destined for this perilous duty, headed by lieutenant Barry, together with a detachment of the sixty-ninth regiment, commanded by lieutenant Pearson, then doing duty as marines on board the Captain, passed with rapidity on board the enemy's ship, and in a short time the San Nicholas was in the possession of her intrepid assailants. The commodore's ardour would not permit him to remain an inactive spectator of this scene. He was aware the attempt was hazardous; and he thought his presence might animate his brave companions, and contribute to the success of this bold enterprise: he therefore, as if by magic impulse, accompanied the party in this attack; passing from the fore-chains of his own ship into the enemy's quarter gallery, and thence through the cabin to the quarter-deck, where he arrived in time to receive the sword of the dying commander, who had been mortally wounded by the boarders.

He had not been long employed in taking the necessary measures to secure this hard-earned conquest, when he found himself engaged in a more arduous task. The stern of the three-decker, his former opponent, was placed directly amidships of the weather-beam of the prize, San Nicolas; and, from her poop and galleries, the enemy sorely annoyed with musquetry the British, who had boarded the San Nicolas. The com-

modore was not long in resolving on the conduct to be adopted upon this momentous occasion; the two alternatives that presented themselves to his unshaken mind were, to quit the prize, or instantly board the three-decker. Confident in the bravery of his seamen, he determined on the latter. Directing therefore an additional number of men to be sent from the Captain on board the San Nicholas, the undaunted commodore, whom no danger ever appalled, headed himself the assailants in this new attack; exclaiming, Westminster abbey! or glorious victory!

Success in a few minutes, and with little loss, crowned the enterprise. Such indeed was the panic occasioned by his preceding conduct, that the British no sooner appeared on the quarter-deck of their new opponent than the commandant advanced; and asking for the British commanding officer, dropped on one knee, and presented his sword; apologising at the same time for the Spanish admiral's not appearing, as he was dangerously wounded. For a moment commodore Nelson could scarcely persuade himself of this second instance of good fortune; he therefore ordered the Spanish commander, who had the rank of a brigadier, to assemble the officers on the quarter-deck, and direct means to be taken instantly for communicating to the crew the surrender of the ship. All the officers immediately appeared; and the commodore had the surrender of the San Joseph duly confirmed, by each of them delivering his sword.

The coxswain of the commodore's barge (John Sykes, since dead) had attended close by his side throughout this perilous attempt. To him the commodore gave in charge the swords of the Spanish officers, as he received them; and the undaunted tar, as they were delivered to him, tucked these honourable trophies under his arm, with all the coolness imaginable. It was at this moment also that a British sailor, who had long fought under the commodore, came up in the fullness of his heart, and, excusing the liberty he was taking, asked to shake him by the hand and congratulate him upon seeing him safe on the quarter-deck of a Spanish three-decker.

This new conquest had scarcely submitted, and the commodore returned on board the San Nicolas, when the latter ship was discovered to be on fire in two places. At the first moment appearances were alarming; but the presence of mind, and resources of the commodore and his officers in this emergency soon got the fire under.

A signal was immediately made by the Captain for boats to assist in disentangling her from the two prizes; and as she was incapable of further service until refitted, the commodore again hoisted his pendant for the moment on board La Minerve frigate, and in the evening shifted it to the Irresistible, captain Martin; but as soon as the Captain was refitted, he re-hoisted his pendant on board the latter ship.

For such distinguished gallantry on the 14th of February, he received the insignia of the Bath, and the gold medal from his sovereign; and was also presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In the month of April, 1797, sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was detached to bring down the garrison of Porto Ferrajo. On the 27th of May he shifted his flag from the Captain to the Theseus, and was appointed to the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service his personal courage, if possible, was more conspicuous than at any other period of his former services. In the attack

on the Spanish gun-boats (July 3, 1797) he was boarded in his barge, with only its usual complement of ten men and the coxswain, accompanied by captain Freemantle.

The commander of the Spanish gun-boats, don Miguel Tyrason, in a barge rowed by twenty-six oars, having thirty men, including officers, made a most desperate effort to overpower sir Horatio Nelson, and his brave companions. The conflict was long and doubtful: they fought hand to hand with their swords. His faithful coxswain, John Sykes, was wounded in defending the admiral; and twice saved his life, by parrying several blows that were aimed at him, and mortally wounding his adversaries. Eighteen of the Spaniards being killed, the commandant and all the rest wounded, the rear-admiral, with his gallant barge's crew, succeeded in carrying this superior force.

During the night of the fifth of July, sir Horatio Nelson ordered a second bombardment of Cadiz; which produced considerable effect on the town, and among the shipping.

On the fifteenth of July he was detached with a small squadron*, to make a vigorous attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. The rear-admiral, on his arrival before the town, lost no time in directing a thousand men, including marines, to be prepared for landing from the ships, under the direction of the brave captain Troubridge † of his majesty's ship Culloden, and captains Hood, Thomson, Freemantle, Bowen, Miller, and Waller, who very handsomely volunteered their services. The boats of the squadron were accordingly manned, and the landing was effected in the course of a dark night. The party were in full possession of the town of Santa Cruz for about seven hours. Finding it impracticable to storm the citadel, they prepared for their retreat, which the Spaniards allowed them to do unmolested, agreeably to the stipulations made with captain Troubridge. —Although this enterprise did not succeed, his majesty's arms acquired by the attempt a great degree of lustre; and, as the rear-admiral himself handsomely expresses it in his letter to earl St. Vincent, *more daring intrepidity never was shewn than by the captains, officers, and men, he had the honour to command.* Sir Horatio Nelson in this attack lost his right arm by a cannon shot ‡; and no less than two hundred and forty-six gallant officers, marines, and seamen, were killed, wounded, and drowned.

The life of sir Horatio Nelson was providentially saved by lieut. Nisbet, his son-in-law, on this disasterous night. The admiral received his wound soon after the detachment had landed: and while they were pressing on with the usual ardour of British seamen, the shock caused him to fall to the ground, where for some minutes he was left to himself; until Mr. Nisbet, missing him, had the presence of mind to return; when, after some search in the dark, he at length found his brave father-in-law weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless.—Lieut. Nisbet having immediately applied his neck-kerchief as a tourniquet to the admiral's arm, carried him on his back to the beach; whence,

* Consisting of the Theseus, Culloden, Zealous, Seahorse, Emerald, Terpsichore, and Fox cutter:—the Leander afterwards joined.

† Since created, for his distinguished services, a baronet.

‡ The same night, at ten o'clock, the admiral's arm was amputated on board the Theseus; he immediately after began his official letter, and finished it by eleven.

with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though ill-directed, fire from the enemy's battery.

The next day after the rear-admiral had lost his arm he wrote to lady Nelson; and in narrating the foregoing transactions said, 'I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life.'

The painful operation of amputating the arm being performed on board in the night, by some mistake in taking up the arteries, the rear-admiral afterwards suffered the most excruciating pains, and was obliged to come to England for advice.

It was the thirteenth of December before the surgeons who attended him pronounced him fit for service. On sir Horatio Nelson's first appearance at court, his sovereign received him in the most gracious and tender manner; and when, with deep sensibility of condolence, the king expressed his sorrow at the loss the noble admiral had sustained, and at the impaired state of his health, which might deprive the country of his future services; sir Horatio replied with dignified emphasis—'*May it please your* MAJESTY, *I can never think that a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my King and Country!*'

Previously to the issuing of a grant which secured to this gallant officer some public remuneration for the hardships he had endured, a positive custom required that a memorial of service should be drawn up: one more brilliant never met the eye of the sovereign of a brave nation. Sir Horatio had then actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times!—and during the war had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privaters of different sizes; and taken, or destroyed, near fifty sail of merchant vessels.

(To be concluded in the Supplement.)

A NOON-TIDE WALK

IN NOVEMBER.

By J. M. L.

THE cheerless month of November had this year worn more the features of gladness than of sorrow: the weather indeed had been cold; but it also had, to use a very comprehensive expression of the country I was then in, been very *cheerly*.

The now comparatively feeble rays of Sol had dispersed the gloom of the morning, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I bent my steps towards a gentleman's seat at no great distance; in whose grounds, from the superior taste displayed in laying them out, I frequently chose my walk: for here I found nature in many instances left to herself, in others assisted by the hand of genius.

As I proceeded to this spot of perfection my face was to the south, and the sun shone full upon me. I fancied it even warmer than it was; for, notwithstanding the wind was northerly, by being at my back, I felt none of its force: but nature seemed to feel it, for I vainly listened to catch the feeblest notes of the feathered tribes—they seemed to have forgotten them. Yet I found a pensive pleasure in surveying the surrounding scenery, exhibiting the finest tints of autumn beautifully blended, from deep green to pale

yellow and russet brown. To an artist here was an unbounded source for his pencil; to the reflecting mind, a lesson of deep import. The scenes so lately viewed in all the richly-expanded beauty of summer were now gradually sinking into the tomb of time: the thought carried with it a weight, a gloominess, very easily accounted for;—the mind felt that spring would again renovate the now decaying face of nature, that summer would again deck the plain with all the beauty luxuriance can display, but might not the mind which now made the reflection ere that time arrived cease to feel? might not the heart that warmed it cease to beat? might not the form that now paced the earth be then decaying beneath its surface? It was an emotion which the accomplished Helen Maria Williams has justly described as being 'somewhat similar to that which we feel in bidding farewell to a lively and agreeable companion, whose presence has diffused gladness, whose smile has been the signal of pleasure, and whom we are uncertain of beholding again; for, though the period of his return is fixed, who, amid the casualties of life, can be secure that, in the interval of absence, his eye shall not be closed in darkness, and his heart have lost the sensation of delight?'

I found my heart softened by these ideas; and I entered the park-gate with a mind ready to receive any impression the objects around might inspire. For some way the path was open, but soon turned through a small gate, where overarching trees in summer gave a grateful shade; but now their broad boughs admitted the beams of Phœbus between them, whilst their fallen foliage deeply covered the ground, and rustled to every passing breeze, which still brought down showers of them from the branches. As I trampled over them, it was impossible not to consider

'The scatter'd leaves a warning;'

and though the thought was by no means new, to make the obvious comparison between them and the state of man, who, nipped by the blast of disease, drops to the grave: he

'Falls like the leaf, yet not like that decays.'

The soul, freed from its confinement, wings its way to realms of bliss eternal!

I proceeded, and a gurgling stream caught the ear long before it met the eye: it descended from a broad and clear, but shallow, pond; on whose surface floated the fallen leaves down several steps, and then calmly pursued the 'noiseless tenor' of its way, till, by means of art, it gradually expanded, and saluted the eye as a canal, over the further part of which a simple bridge was thrown. I crossed this and an adjoining meadow, to a rural lane, which led me home by a different way than I came by. Here a circumstance attracted my attention, which at almost any other time might have been unheeded; a violent fluttering over my head made me look up, and I perceived two robins descending from a tree, fighting all the way most violently: they came to the ground very near me, nor did my presence for some time hinder their contention. Thus, even the very creature which is itself the emblem of innocence is not free from the influence of strife!

The wind now faced me, and I found that it was very far from warm. Every gust seemed to whisper

'Stern Winter is at hand;'

and as by this time the afternoon had crept upon me unawares, I hastened home to my snug parlour

fire, not unimproved by a noontide stroll in November.

Nov. 16, 1805.

SUSANNAH,

A TALE.

LADY Susannah Fitzroy was descended from a noble family. In giving her birth, her mother had expired. Nothing could exceed the grief of lord Fitzroy when he heard the melancholy news. He rushed into the room where her remains lay; and, flinging himself on the bed, exclaimed—'And is my Susannah really dead?'—(for death, as if in kindness to lord Fitzroy, had not robbed her of all her colour)—'And is here all that remains of virtue and beauty once unequalled? No,' said he, 'I have a darling child; she too shall be Suannah. I will be her instructor and her guide; and in this delightful employment shall forget half my sorrows.' His attention was now directed to the infant, and he gazed on it with parental fondness.

Lady Fitzroy was privately interred, and lord Fitzroy had a small monument erected to her memory. Here would he wander every day; here would he linger, as if every thing desirable was centered in this spot. Lord Fitzroy's health visibly declined, and, in spite of medical assistance, he expired about three years after his amiable wife; but not till he had placed his darling Susannah under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clare.—'Unite,' said he to them, 'Henry and Susannah; and may the bonds of friendship be doubly cemented by the ties of relationship! I know,' continued he, 'that you are every way worthy of her.'—Lord Fitzroy said no more; but expired. In Mr. St. Clare you might trace the following characters—benevolence, virtue, and love. Mrs. St. Clare was tall, her figure was elegant, her face was replete with sweetness, and her large blue eyes bespoke the sensibility of her soul. Between Susannah and Henry did this charming woman divide her affections; but when she reflected on the orphaned Susannah's unhappy situation, she would clasp her in her arms, and say, 'What does not this lovely girl deserve! I will strive to love her better than my Henry: he has a father, and will not be the loser.' Mr. St. Clare had an aversion to public seminaries; but provided able teachers for Henry, and a governess for his lovely charge. Whether in learning or play, Susannah and Henry were equally inseparable. Thus passed several years, without any thing material occurring.

Mr. St. Clare had a nephew, who had generally spent some part of the holidays with them: but he had now left school. Julius Delville, at the age of eighteen, was tall, and finely formed; his luxuriant black hair falling in ringlets over his finely-turned shoulders. He was impetuous in the extreme, yet possessed many shining and amiable qualities. At the age before mentioned he made his usual visit to Mr. St. Clare; and the more he saw of the fascinating Susannah, the more he admired her. Julius was the bosom friend of Henry; he had heard him express his affection for her, and could he unjustly endeavour to steal the heart of the inexperienced Susannah? His noble soul revolted at the very idea of it. As they were walking together one evening, he became pensive and sad. Our heroine innocently enquired the cause of his dullness. With admirable presence of mind, Julius said he feared his

dear mother was ill, and wished to visit her. Henry entreated him to forego such a design; 'for,' said he, 'we can send one of our domestics to see Mrs. Delville, and I doubt not but your suspicions are groundless. Susannah took his hand within hers, and, looking at him with ineffable sweetness, said—'Let my entreaties prevail on you to stop.' But, interrupting her, Julius said he would talk with his aunt. He found her alone, and, involuntarily falling on one knee, said—'I have nourished a fatal passion for Susannah too long; pardon your weak nephew!' (Seeing her astonishment)—'But if you will prevail on Mr. St. Clare and Henry to let me return to my mother, my obligations to you will be great.' Mrs. St. Clare had fancied Julius had not noticed Susannah; but when she called to remembrance her interesting figure, her soft yet expressive blue eyes, and her unassuming manner, she rather wondered at her own stupidity in not seeing it.—'I am pleased with your resolution,' said she, 'in quitting an object so dangerous to your peace; to-morrow you shall return to your mother, and I will reconcile your companions.' The next morning, before the family were up, he set out, and soon arrived at Mrs. Delville's; who kindly welcomed him, but eagerly enquired if nothing extraordinary had happened. Julius said his friends were all well—'Tis I, my mother, that am ill.' He then related the cause of his returning.

A few days after this, as Susannah and Henry were walking together, Henry was suddenly seized with convulsions. Susannah was the picture of woe: she dared not leave him, for he was apparently lifeless; but fortunately a servant was within call. Her screams had fastened him to the spot; but when she pointed to Henry, he ran to his assistance, and conveyed him to the house. A physician was immediately sent for. Mr. St. Clare was not at home; and Mrs. St. Clare could scarcely keep Susannah from fainting. When the physician arrived, he assured Mrs. St. Clare that there was no danger; and desired that the patient might be kept quiet, as gentle slumbers were better than medicine. Henry frequently enquired after Julius, and Mrs. St. Clare sent for him. When Mr. St. Clare returned (he had been informed of Henry's illness), he was extremely happy to hear his son was better. In the mean time Susannah watched over the suffering Henry. As she was sitting by him the next day, he enquired if Julius was come: Susannah told him that they expected him, but he was not yet arrived. He fell asleep, and Susannah knelt by the bed-side, and, raising her fine eyes to Heaven, prayed for the restoration of her dear Henry—her more than brother. 'Would to God,' said she, 'that Julius would come!—But soft, ye impatient wishes! lest ye disturb the precious repose of him who is dearer to me than existence!' She ceased speaking, but her expressive eyes were still directed upwards. She thought she heard some one approaching; but what was her surprise when she beheld Julius standing behind her! 'You have heard me,' said she, 'disclose the secrets of my heart; but on your honour, on your delicacy, I rely, that you will bury what you have heard for ever in oblivion.' At that moment, Henry awaked, apparently much refreshed. He embraced Julius with ardour; and, reassured by the kind manner of Susannah, soon recovered.

When the lovely lady Susannah Fitzroy had attained her twenty-first year, she gave her hand to the

amiable Henry. Julius returned to his mother; who, seeing his health visibly decline, insisted upon his making a tour to Montpelier; and Julius complied with her wishes. He wrote an affectionate letter to his aunt, and informed her where he was going; but too frequently would his imagination wander to scenes of happiness never, he feared, to return. Time, however, had nearly erased the image of lady Susannah St. Clare from his memory, when he received a letter from Henry, saying, that his mother was ill, and had taken captain Woodville's daughter to reside with her; and that Mrs. Delville, unwilling to interrupt his happiness, had deferred writing till her situation was dangerous. On the wings of impatience did this affectionate son quit Montpelier: but when he arrived at Mrs. Delville's, she was no more. He entered the apartment; but picture to yourself, gentle reader, his astonishment, when he beheld the tender-hearted Malvina gazing on the lifeless form of his beloved mother: she felt as if every earthly good was fled. 'There is now,' said she, 'no being interested concerning me! Would to Heaven that I had expired with my benefactress! Where can the forlorn Malvina look for a friend!' 'What affection,' said Julius mentally, 'does this lovely girl express for my mother; whilst that son who ought to have watched by her pillow, and received her last sigh, was far, far away!' To give the reader an idea of his distress is impossible: I will therefore pass over the scene with saying, that the remains of Mrs. Delville were interred the fourth day after his arrival.

The elegance of Malvina Woodville's form, the simplicity of her manners, and the fascinating melody of her voice, all conspired to rivet the affections of Julius on her for ever. After mourning for their parent a year, Julius and his much-loved Malvina were united. They generally spent some part of the year with Mr. and lady Susannah St. Clare, who were blessed with a family amiable and good as themselves; and the varying seasons,

> 'As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,'

still find them happy.

MATILDA SPENCER.

THE GHOST.

A REAL FACT.

IT is well known that almost every country-town has its haunted house, its hobgoblin, its church-yard *sprite*, and *well-authenticated* tales of ghosts of every description; which very much tend to fix in infant minds a sort of supernatural dread, which 'grows with their growth,' and quits them but with life: for, however a man's reason may tell him the absurdity of his fears, I am well persuaded that the *bugabo* stories of childhood take a hold upon the imagination, which reason will vainly strive to eradicate.

Be this as it may, the following circumstance happened to an intimate friend of mine, when a mere boy; and I can truly say that, living as he did, in a village remote from the metropolis, and being at the 'very witching time of night,' almost on the spot where a *well-authenticated* ghost played its pranks, his investigating courage did him *infinite credit* as a *boy*, and would by no means have disgraced a *man* under similar circumstances; though I very much suspect, that nineteen out of twenty of my 'fellow men'

would have rather trotted off at full speed, and left the 'foul fiend' to itself, than have acted the part that the boy did.—The story is as follows:

He had been sent on an errand in the afternoon on a winter's day to a neighbouring market-town, where he was detained considerably longer than he expected. It grew dark ere he had quitted the outskirts of the town, on his return: eight dreary miles lay before him; companion he had none; and narrow lanes, with high hedges, and now and then a bat or an owl brushing past him, were poor helps to the courage of a lad eleven years old. He marched on boldly for the first four miles, and by 'whistling aloud' occasionally kept up his spirits tolerably well; but by the time he had got half-way, his strength began rather to fail him, and he grew tired: his courage too seemed to be on the decline; for it just then crossed his mind that it was impossible he could reach home without going directly up a long lane, where, as he had been given to understand, from time immemorial a desperate ghost, under the appellation of the *white woman*, had made its grisly appearance not a hundred miles from the church-yard, which came down to the edge of the very lane into which he was by this time entering: however, as 'necessity has no law,' he proceeded; and after many starts at a white post, or the braying of a jackass, he at length came in sight of the white pales of the church-yard. It was now just upon the stroke of nine o'clock, a sort of midnight with him; and not the least shock his spirits received was (just as he came up to the pales) the heavy church-bell solemnly pealing out that hour. It is necessary to state, for the reader's information, that opposite the church-yard was a close, also environed with low white pales, which belonged to a farmer whose house was at the upper end of it, about one hundred yards from the lane. This rather cheered the wanderer's spirits; and as he concluded (naturally enough) that it was more probable the *white woman* should be on the church-yard side of the lane than on the farmer's, he chose to direct his steps as near as possible to the farmer's paling, at the same time fixing his eyes most earnestly on the other side: thus he moved on pretty quick, and had nearly passed the supposed danger, when, *strange to tell*, over the farmer's pales flew *something white*, and actually whisked in his face! Here was a situation! Many a hero, who would not hesitate to march boldly to the cannon's mouth, would in a moment like this have lost his senses, or, at best, would have run away with them in a very scattered condition. But mark what *our hero* did: he stopped, and for a moment remained with his eyes shut, but in the next instant he opened and put them to the best use he possibly could, by stedfastly looking over the pales; when, to his infinite satisfaction, he discovered ——not the *white woman*, gentle reader, but—*a cow with a light-coloured tail!* which happening to stand with it that way, had inadvertently whisked the said tail into the face of the *expecting* boy, who, had he hastened home, might have given additional credit to the story of the *white woman;* whereas, by relating what had happened to him in the artless and unassuming language of truth, he *almost persuaded* them to relinquish the idea of the existence of any ghost in their neighbourhood.

Were all goblins investigated with an eye of scrutiny similar to this boy's, I have but little hesitation

in saying that the *supernatural part* of them would *vanish*, and what was really left would prove to be something full as insignificant as *a cow's tail*.

J. M. L.

Dec. 10, 1805.

LONDON FASHIONS.

BALL and FULL DRESS for December, 1805.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

Fig. 1. A CAP of deep orange-coloured velvet, ornamented with beads and trimmed with swans-down: dress of plain mull muslin; entire front of footing; short Italian sleeves; broad satin ribbon round the bottom: Indian shawl.

Fig. 2. Dress cap of muslin and lace: dress of satin-worked linen; satin front of reversed pleating, and trimmed with lace and work; very short sleeves, with lace and work down the side, and trimming of beads and satin: waist fastened with a narrow satin ribbon: bottom of the dress broad lace: white gloves and shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the intemperance of the season, white is still much worn; and three-fourths of the dresses still seen are the same as in the summer.

Great-coats are worn of the *lapis* colour, and embroidered with a clouded velvet of the same colour. The collars are made round and very large, and the great-coat so short, that the embroidery of the robe may appear. With a great-coat, a velvet *toque* is usually worn. This *toque* with respect to its form has nothing new; but besides the black, rose-coloured, and brown velvets, which are in common use, there are also *frized* velvets, that is to say, such as are interspersed with prominent small flowers.

As the great-coats do not exclude a handsome shawl, long shawls embroidered with branches or sprigs, in imitation of cashmires, are in vogue.

Pearls in clusters are the fashion, not only for ear-rings, but for the tops of combs. They are placed sometimes to the number of seven or eight on the gold plate which forms the top of the comb.

ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE.

(From the Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself.)

THOSE young men who, born with some genius and love for the arts, have been introduced into the presence of the most celebrated in the art that forms their own study and delight, have felt, like me, the confusion, the oppression of heart, the kind of religious fear, that I experienced in appearing before Voltaire.

Persuaded that I should have to speak first, I had turned in twenty ways the phrase with which I should address him, but was satisfied with none. He relieved me from this difficulty. On hearing my name, he came to me, and extending his arms—'My good friend,' said he, 'I am very glad to see you. Yet I have bad news to tell you: M. Orri had undertaken to provide for you; M. Orri is no longer in favour.'

I could scarcely have received a

more severe, more sudden, or more unexpected blow; but I was not stunned by it. I have always been astonished at the courage I have felt on great occasions, for my heart is naturally feeble.—'Well, sir,' said I, 'then I must contend with adversity; I have long known it, and long struggled with it.'—'I am glad to find you have confidence in your own powers. Yes, my good friend, the true and most worthy resource for a man of letters is in himself and in his genius. But till yours shall have procured you something to exist on—I speak to you candidly, as a friend—I must provide for you. I have not invited you hither to abandon you. If even at this moment you be in want of money, tell me so: I will not suffer you to have any other creditor than Voltaire.'—I returned him thanks for his kindness, assuring him, that for some time, at least, I should not want to profit by it; and that when I should, I would confidently have recourse to him.—'You promise me,' said he, 'and I depend on you. In the mean time, let's hear what you think of applying?'—'I really do not know; you must decide for me.'—'The stage, my friend, the stage is the most enchanting of all careers; it is there that in one day you may obtain glory and fortune. One successful piece renders a man at the same time rich and celebrated; and if you take pains you will succeed.'—'I do not want ardour,' replied I; 'but what should I do for the stage?'—'Write a good comedy,' said he, in a firm tone.—'Alas! sir, how should I make portraits? I do not know faces.'—He smiled at this answer.—'Well, then, write a tragedy.' I answered that I was not quite so ignorant of the passions and the heart, and that I would willingly make the attempt.

It was not enough for Voltaire to be the most illustrious of men of letters, he wanted to be a courtier. From his earliest youth he had assumed the flattering habit of living with the great. First, marshal Villars, the grand prior de Vendome, and afterwards the duke de Richelieu, the duke de Valliere, the Bouffiers, the duke de Montmorency, had been his society. He supped with them habitually, and you know with what respectful familiarity he had the art of writing and speaking to them. Verses lightly and delicately flattering, a conversation not less seducing than his poetry, made him beloved and welcomed among this nobility. Now these noblemen were admitted to the king's suppers—and he, why was not he of them? This was one of his desires. He recollected the reception that Lewis the Great had given to Boileau and Racine: he said that Horace and Virgil had the honour of approaching Augustus; that the Æneid had been read in the cabinet of Livia. Were Addison and Prior more worthy than he? And had they not both been honourably employed in their country, one in the ministry, and the other as ambassador? The place of historiographer was already a mark of confidence in him, and who before him had filled it with so much glory? He had bought a place of gentleman in ordinary of the king's chamber. This place, commonly very inactive, gave, however, the right of being sent to foreign courts on light commissions; and he had flattered himself that, for a man like him, these commissions would not be limited to mere compliments of congratulation and condolence. He wanted, as we say, to make his way at court; and when he had a project in his head he persisted in it obstinately: one of his maxims was these words of the

Evangelist—*Regnum cœlorum vim patitur, et violenti rapiunt illud* (the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force). He employed therefore all the means he could devise to approach the king.

When madame d'Etioles, afterwards marchioness of Pompadour, was announced as the king's mistress, and even before she was declared so, he was eager in paying his court to her. He easily succeeded in pleasing her; and while he celebrated the victories of the king, he flattered his mistress by writing pretty verses to her. He was persuaded that, through her, he should obtain the favour of being admitted to the little cabinet suppers, and I am persuaded that she wished it.

Transplanted to the court, and ignorant enough of the character and tastes of the king, she had at first hoped to amuse him by her talents. At a private theatre she used to play before him little acts of operas, some of which were written for her, and in which her playing, her voice, her singing, were justly applauded. Voltaire, in favour with her, took it into his head to wish to direct these performances. The alarm spread to the camp of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and intendants *des menus plaisirs*. It was trespassing on their rights, and a league was instantly formed among them to remove from the court a man who would have governed them all, if he had pleased the king as well as his mistress. But they knew the king did not like him, and that by his eagerness to increase his importance, he only increased the prejudices against him. But the king, little moved with the praises he had lavished on him in his panegyric, only saw in him an impious philosopher and an ambitious flatterer. He had at last consented, with great difficulty, that he should be received at the academy. Without reckoning the friends of religion, who were not the friends of Voltaire, there were many about the king who were jealous and envious of the favour they saw him courting, and they were very careful to censure what he did to please. In their mind the poem of Fontenoy was only a cold gazette; the panegyric on the king was inanimate, wanting colouring, and without eloquence. The verses to madame de Pompadour were taxed with impropriety and indiscretion; and in this verse in particular—

> Be both without an enemy,
> And keep your conquests both.

They persuaded the king that it was indecorous to put him on an equality with his mistress.

At the marriage of the dauphin with the infanta of Spain, it was easy to animadvert on the absurdity and folly of having given as a play to the infanta the *Princesse de Navarre*, which certainly was not calculated to succeed. I do not say the same of the opera *Le Temple de la Gloire*: the idea of it was grand, the subject well conceived and nobly executed. The third act, of which Trajan was the hero, presented a flattering allusion for the king: it was a hero, just, humane, generous, pacific, and worthy the love of the world, to whom the temple of glory was open. Voltaire doubted not but that the king would recognise himself in this eulogy. After the play, he met him, in his way out; and seeing that the king passed without saying any thing to him, he took the liberty of asking him—*Is Trajan satisfied?* Lewis, surprised and displeased that he should have dared to interrogate him, answered by a cold silence; and the whole court thought Vol-

taire very wrong in having dared to question the king.

To remove him it was only necessary to detach him from the mistress, and the way they took to do this was to oppose to him Crebillon.

Crebillon, old and poor, was living obscurely in the vilest part of the Marais, labouring by starts at that *Catilina* which he had announced for ten years, and of which he read, here and there, some parts of scenes that were thought admirable. His age; his successes; his manners, somewhat rough; his soldier-like character; his truly tragical face; the air; the imposing, though simple tone, in which he recited his harsh and inharmonious verses; the vigour, the energy, he gave to his expression; all concurred to strike the mind with a sort of enthusiasm. I have heard applauded with transport, by men who were not fools, these verses, which he had put into the mouth of Cicero—

> Catiline, I think you are not guilty;
> But if you be, you are detestable.
> And I see in you only the talents and renown
> Of the greatest of men, or the greatest of villains.

The name of Crebillon was the rallying word for the enemies of Voltaire. *Electre* and *Radamiste*, which were sometimes still played, drew but thin houses; all the rest of Crebillon's tragedies were forgotten: while those of Voltaire—*Œdipe*, *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, *Zaire*, *Merope*—occupied the theatre in all the splendour of full success. The partisans of old Crebillon were few, but noisy; and they did not cease to call him the Sophocles of our age; and even among men of letters, Marivaux used to say that all the fine wit of Voltaire must bow before the genius of Crebillon.

It was mentioned before madame de Pompadour, that this great neglected man was suffered to grow old without support, because he was without intrigue. This was touching her in her most sensible part. 'What do you say?' cried she; 'Crebillon is poor and forsaken!' She instantly obtained for him from the king a pension of one hundred pounds from the privy purse.

Crebillon was eager to go and thank his benefactress. A slight indisposition kept her in bed; and when he was announced to her, she desired he might come in. The sight of this fine old man touched her; she received him with an affecting grace. He was moved by it; and as he leaned over her bed to kiss her hand, the king appeared.—'Ah, madame!' cried Crebillon, 'the king has surprised us; I am lost!' This sally in an old man of eighty pleased the king. The fortune of Crebillon was decided. All the *menus plaisirs* launched out into praises of his genius and his manners.—'He had dignity,' said they, 'but no pride, and still less of vain-glory. His poverty was the proof of his disinterestedness. He was a venerable character, and truly the man whose genius honoured the reign of the king.' *Catiline* was mentioned as the wonder of the age. Madame de Pompadour wished to hear it. A day was fixed for the reading: the king, present but invisible, heard it. It had complete success; and on its first performance, madame de Pompadour, accompanied by a flight of courtiers, attended with the most lively interest. A little time afterwards Crebillon obtained the favour of an edition of his works, at the press of the Louvre, at the expence of the royal treasury. From that time Voltaire was coldly received, and he left off going to court.

THE DEAR DECEIVERS.

(From a French Journal.)

'HOW deceitful are men!' said, the day before yesterday, the amiable Julia, wiping away with her fair hand a tear which flowed down her reddened cheek.—'Oh, my dear Amanda! never trust in their oaths; fly their company, and become wise by the experience of thy unhappy friend. If you knew how he had feigned affection, with what grace he declared it, with what ardour he looked on me, on the evening preceding the very day on which I learned his base treachery—if you knew with what pleasure I listened to him; how much I was moved by his look, his accent, his supposed love—Yet was his love in reality devoted to another!—I hear some one coming,' said Amanda: 'it is him!'

'How, sir! is it you?'—'Yes, my dearest Julia! it is me: I come to throw myself at your feet, and ask a thousand pardons for having been one day without seeing you. I alone am the sufferer; but you might have imagined——'—'I have imagined nothing, or rather I have forgotten every thing on seeing you again.—Where have you been?'—'I have been in the country.'—'Is that all!'—'Yes.'—'Ah, my dear Amanda, I alone am to blame.'

'How deceitful are women!' said, yesterday morning, young Sainville to his friend Germeuil: 'honey is on their lips, and poison in their hearts.—You know how fondly I loved Eugenia, and how many sacrifices I have made to that love: but do you know in what manner she has rewarded my affection? She has sacrificed me to that blockhead Arnonville: he alone is in favour with her; she receives his letters, and has presented him with her portrait.'—'Are you sure of that?'—'Sure! it is clear as day.—It is intolerable: I renounce for ever both women and love!' As he concluded these violent expressions they had reached the door of Eugenia. Eugenia was in the balcony.—'Adieu, Germeuil: I will go up to her, and upbraid her with her shameful conduct.'

'You are going out, madam?'—'Yes, my dear Sainville.'—'Alone?'—'No.'—'Do you expect any person?'—'I was certain you would come.'—'And Arnonville, perhaps?'—'What! jealous? so much the better.'—'Inconceivable woman, what pleasure you take in tormenting me!'—'You torment yourself, Sainville: your disordered imagination alone torments you.'—'What am I to think of those letters, that portrait?'—'I have received no letters but from you, nor given my portrait to any person but yourself.'—'Ah! then am I alone in fault: let me fondly entreat your pardon for my foolish suspicions.'

'There is no longer friendship in the world!' exclaimed this morning Versac, as he came out of the closet of the minister. 'He had promised me every thing; and the first time that I ask a favour, with what coldness he receives me, and with what harshness he refuses me! Alas! how honours change manners! Henceforth I will trust in no man's friendship.'

'Sir,' said a servant, who entered at this moment, 'here is a letter.'—'Give it me.—What, from the minister! What does he say? Let us see.'—

'It was not in my power, my dear Versac, to grant you what you asked of me this morning, because it would have been an act of injustice; but in recompence for your disappointment I will take the per-

son for whom you made application into my office, and procure for him all the preferment which his talents and your recommendation entitle him to.—Believe me your friend.'

'It is enough!' said Versac; 'this reconciles me to mankind, and to my friend. How wrong it is to judge too hastily! How much mischief we do to ourselves by too precipitately condemning others!—Oh! when shall we cease to pass the one half of our lives in repairing the errors and the follies of the other half!'

THE GENEROUS GUARDIAN.

(From the MYSTERIOUS PROTECTOR, *a Novel, lately published, dedicated, by permission, to Lady* CRESPIGNY.*)*

THE approaching month of September was to bring some guests for the shooting season to Oakland; and Julia looked forward to their arrival with regret, as it might occasion some interruption to her walks and her amusements. With very different sentiments did lady Middleton prepare for their arrival. To her they would be some relief from the dull uniformity of the country; and though only lord Gray was expected the first part of it, yet his society would afford her some opportunity of shewing her taste and displaying her person. Lord Gray was one of those unsuccessful suitors whom she had discarded for Mr. Middleton; but, as her fortune was chiefly the object of his pursuit, and he had more than 'one string to his bow,' he bore his disappointment with great philosophy, and was still her ladyship's obedient servant and cousin. He knew all her little foibles, and he *flattered* them too; for Oakland was sometimes a pleasant lounge for his lordship when he had no better object in view. Young, gay, and profligate; adopting all the vices, and affecting all what he considered the *elegant* foibles, of the young man of fashion; he retained the *former* as necessary appendages to that situation which his rank and fortune had enabled him to support since he came of age, though not without injuring the one as much as he had disgraced the other. *Such* a man as this would never have found a place at sir William's table but as a relation of his lady's, who really saw nothing in him but what was the *comme il faut;* and though he was *a little* gay and thoughtless, yet he was not more so than *other* young men of fashion. Sir William, though he could not accord with her ideas, would not argue against them, or make a *favourite* relation the object of any little contention: and therefore lord Gray was, whenever he chose—which was not often—a visitor at Oakland: but sir William, when he looked at *Julia*, felt new sensations of regret as the time approached that was to bring *such* a guest to their hitherto-peaceful party. He knew that innocence and beauty would not protect such attractions from the attentions, and perhaps impertinence, of his lordship; but he determined to watch his lovely charge with a guardian's care, and to trust her as little as possible from his sight. Lady Middleton had almost forgotten *her* in thinking of her guest; till, on the day of his arrival, she could not help observing that Julia looked more lovely and interesting than she had ever seen her; and she made the discovery with some slight sensations of regret. Perhaps she looked more beautiful from the elegant simplicity of her dress, which formed so great a contrast to the more obtrusive appearance of her ladyship as heightened the native ele-

gance of the one at the expence of the other.

At length lord Gray was announced, and welcomed by the mistress of the house with all the cordiality of an old and favourite friend. After he had acknowledged her politeness, he turned to sir William, who was standing by Julia—'May I entreat,' said he, 'an introduction to this *fair unknown*, whose smiles alone would almost tempt me to forget the heat and dust I have had to encounter in getting here? Come, sir William, let me not burst with ignorance, but introduce me with 'all my imperfections on my head.' 'Miss Melbourne, sir,' said sir William gravely; 'who would rather have you introduced with your *good* qualities, as those only can authorise any introduction from me to this lady.' Julia blushed and curtsied; whilst this grave and pointed address would have disconcerted any one but lord Gray, who calmly seated himself by her side at the dinner table, and did not think enough of lady Middleton to observe her clouded looks at every attention he paid to Julia. After dinner, sir William, to divert his attention from Julia, enquired if he had got his gun and dogs ready for the next day; and whether, like a true sportsman, he would give the poor partridges a salute early in the morning, or be killing them in his dreams till noon? 'And would you, sir William,' replied his lordship, 'send me away from the ladies before I can have an opportunity of recommending myself to their good graces? No; you must allow me to avail myself of that introduction which you have just given me to miss Melbourne, and permit me to devote at least one day to the discovery of those good qualities which you have promised shall ensure her favour: and if I can keep this *fairer game* in view' (looking at Julia), 'faith, sir William, you will not find me very eager to start any other.' This sally of his lordship's was as disgusting to Julia as it was displeasing to lady Middleton. To sir William it discovered more perhaps than was meant to meet the ear.

The next day brought with it happily some new guests, who, in some measure, relieved miss Melbourne from the irksome conversation and officious civility of lord Gray; who seemed to have forgotten entirely that it was the first of September, or that he had betted fifty guineas with a friend, the day before he came down, that he would send him ten brace of birds of his own shooting the first morning. He *had* indeed, as he had said, *other* game in view; and such was his disposition, that no obstacle interrupted him in any pursuit where his wishes or his passions were at all concerned. He thought few women could resist the *united* attractions of *wealth*, *fashion*, and *splendour*. He did not mean to try the influence of either at present on miss Melbourne, who was, in his opinion, too *insignificant* for *such* a trial; but he found she would do vastly well *pour passer le tems*, and he left the rest to chance or his own genius.

But Julia, disgusted with his free and libertine manners, so contrasted by the mild elegance of sir William's, secluded herself as much as possible from his society, and devoted most of her time to her drawings and music; passing in her own room, or the nursery, every moment that her company was not absolutely required in the drawing-room. Lady Middleton observed this; and as she did not think her *quite* so insignificant since she had attracted the attention of her elegant cousin, she was glad to have her out of the way,

and therefore seldom interrupted the solitude to which Julia seemed to have devoted herself. Sir William, from *different* motives, saw it with equal satisfaction; and more particularly as his attention to his guests necessarily kept him from being, as formerly, the companion of her walks and her amusements.

Before the arrival of these visitors had so unpleasantly interrupted her pursuits, Julia had begun with much eagerness and taste to decorate a little temple which was a favourite spot of sir William's, situated in an island, in a retired part of the park, about half a mile from the house. She had ornamented the walls with some landscapes from her own pencil, which she had taken from nature, and some views from such parts of the grounds as sir William was most partial to. There, too, she sometimes took her *harp*, or her *book*; and Caroline and Henry would frequently attend her in her rambles.

The first fortnight of lord Gray's arrival had passed away thus, and Julia seldom met him but at dinner and supper; but, at these times, when thrown off his guard—forgetful of the frown of lady Middleton or the scrutinising eye of sir William—his manners were officious, disgusting, and troublesome.

One day, after dinner, assuming a very grave look, and turning to sir William—'Pray,' said his lordship, 'may I ask what part of this Gothic mansion or its demesnes is the haunt of magicians and enchanters?' Sir William, who thought he alluded to an idea which is generally connected with old houses of this appearance, smiling, told him, he did not exactly know in what room he would find the ghost; but there were people in the house, such as the old butler or nurse, who would give him better information on the subject than himself. 'I shall not go beyond the present company for information,' said his lordship. 'I only beg to know what magic spells, or what fairy ground, so often and so long detain miss Melbourne from the less-hallowed circle of sir William's drawing-room and its inferior attractions?' Julia only smiled at this unexpected attack; and sir William answered with a look of unusual severity at his lordship—'Whatever are miss Melbourne's haunts, I hope they will always be sacred from rudeness, and that she will not want the *magician's wand*, or any more powerful spells than *innocence* and loveliness, to protect her.' 'So, sir William,' added lord Gray, 'you are determined not to give me an opportunity of displaying any of my qualifications—not even my talent for gallantry! Now, when I, like a true knight-errant, was going to offer my services to release the lady from the power of enchantment, or any wicked spells or genii that might molest her haunts, *you* forbid my services, and will not let me play the Quixote. Yet I hope miss Melbourne will not be so cruel, but let me *explore* if I promise not to *molest* her haunts, or any happier hero to whom she may have delegated the charge of them. I will not hurt even a sylph, though I would *turn* one to be the *favoured guardian* of so much beauty.' Here he darted a pointed look at sir William, more particularly as he pronounced the word '*favoured*;' and here the conversation ended, but not till it had made a painful impression on sir William's mind. He knew not what lord Gray might attempt: from such a character, he knew he had every thing to apprehend; but trusting to the security of his care and protection of Julia, and unwilling to alarm her unsuspicious mind with groundless apprehensions, this conversation soon ap-

peared by all parties to be forgotten, and she pursued her walks and amusements as usual.

More than a fortnight had elapsed after this conversation—and, during the interval, Julia seemed to have forgotten both that and the temple—when, tempted by the serenity of a cloudless sky, she determined to devote another afternoon to her favourite retirement. As soon as they left the dinner table, whilst lady Middleton was gone to give some orders in the nursery, she put on her bonnet, and strolled immediately—fearless of the *wicked magician*— to this scene of serenity and peace. A letter, which she received just before she sat down to table, remained in her pocket unopened: and she longed for such an opportunity of unsealing her packet. It was from Adeline, and dated from Paris.

'MY DEAR JULIA,

'I promised to give you the earliest intelligence of my quitting the convent; but for the first fortnight after my arrival here I was so lost in astonishment and admiration at the gay and novel scene which surrounds me, that I really could not find either my head or my hand sufficiently tranquil to address you. And yet, my Julia! I have not forgotten you, in the midst even of Paris and gaiety—and I have never thought of you but with sentiments of the sincerest esteem and tenderness.

'I know not if this new kind of world wears the same appearance to you in England; if it does, you will agrree with me that all its gaieties, even with the recommendation of novelty, will not fill up the void which the absence of such a friend makes in the heart. That heart seems already oppressed with a thousand new and painful apprehensions when I look at my dear Louis, and his friend the young chevalier du Valmont, who is also in his regiment, which they are to join very soon. On introducing this elegant and interesting stranger, my brother gave me so warm and glowing a description of his merit as might, if it were more susceptible, place my heart in some danger.

'We are here at present in a state of tranquillity, but my father thinks this temporary calm is only the forerunner of a frightful storm. The people begin already to talk of freedom and equality; and on the ruins of the Bastille they seem to be erecting the standard of disaffection. My father, you know, is most firmly attached to his sovereign, and considers him less as the king than the parent of his people. The marquis de Villeroi always held a distinguished place in his favour; and his gratitude and affection towards this mild and amiable monarch may perhaps awaken needless apprehensions in his breast. My mother has caught some of his fears; but my brother and the chevalier smile at them, and only look grave when they talk of leaving us. —Ah, this chevalier, Julia!—He is, indeed, very amiable, and he is my brother's friend. My father admires, my mother adores him—and your *pauvre* Adeline *must* like him, to avoid singularity. But I will write no more of him, lest *you* should love him too. I want to know if you have any chevaliers in England, and what you are doing, Julia? who are your companions, your friends—if the English are all good and amiable as yourself. Unless you write soon and tell me to the contrary, I shall begin to think they have taught you to forget your

'ADELINE.'

With emotions of the tenderest recollections, Julia read this letter;

and its contents had led her into a train of thoughts that detained her in the temple till the soft radiance of the moon, shining full on her face, reminded her that it was time to return; and looking at her watch, she found it was near seven o'clock. She was putting the letter in her pocket, and preparing to depart, when she thought she heard a rustling in the trees behind the temple, and the sound of footsteps. She at first supposed it might be her favourite little dog come in pursuit of her; but before she had time to form a second conjecture, lord Gray entered the temple, exclaiming, 'Ah! my little divinity! have I at length found out this *favoured haunt* which has robbed me of so much of your company! Come, I must play the magician now, and be enchanter in my turn. Let me try if my spells can keep you here a little longer.' He immediatly seized the hand of the astonished Julia, and, placing himself between her and the door, prevented every attempt to escape. 'Surely, my lord,' she said, 'it is no great proof of your *gallantry*, whatever it may be of your *power*, to detain a lady here against her inclination.'—'Why now,' answered his lordship, 'you must only suppose me some one of your favoured *sylphs*, who, I doubt not, haunt this place as well as yourself; and I dare say you would neither *refuse* me a *tête-à-tête*, nor grant one thus reluctantly." He still retained her hand, and insisted on her being seated. Julia, who now discovered what she had not before perceived, that he was flushed with wine, began to be alarmed; but, concealing it as much as possible, said lady Middleton would wait tea for them, and sir William would be uneasy at so long an absence. 'No,' cried his ordship, 'thank my lucky stars! I have for once found you without this *kind*, this *careful*, guardian; and, by Heaven! you *shall* hear *now* what I have to say to you. I love—I adore you. My life, my fortunes, are all at your disposal: consent then, lovely Julia! to fly with me this moment, and leave sir William to console himself with some other fair-one. He will, I doubt not, soon forget you in the arms of some new beauty.' Here his lordship paused, again rudely grasped her hand, and kissed it. Terrified at this conduct, Julia could only say, 'I shall certainly, my lord, inform lady Middleton of this extraordinary behaviour; for which nothing can be an excuse but the situation you are now in.'—'Go tell,' he cried with a contemptuous sneer, 'your story to lady Middleton, and see if she will be disposed to listen to any tale you may relate to her but that of sir William's kindness. *This* I have taught her not to doubt. He could not hope to impose on me as he did on his wife, with his ward and his *protogée*, his miss Melbourne; nor can you, my little Julia! therefore listen to my proposal. Leave this sir William, this guardian, to console himself with some other, though less lovely, Julia; and I think you will not long repent having quitted *his* protection for *mine*, or regret accepting that more brilliant establishment it is now in my power to offer you.'

Overcome with terror and surprise, the emotions of both kept Julia silent. Perceiving this, 'Do you hesitate,' he cried, 'my lovely charmer?—Recollect that you can no longer pass on lady Middleton for a *protogée*, a *ward*, or even a miss Melbourne. I have prevented that; and as for sir William—' 'Oh, were he but here!' said Julia, in an agony of terror and grief, 'he would at least protect me from the insult of such offers, and teach

your lordship, with all the resentment of injured virtue, what it is to violate the laws of hospitality and honour!'—'And he *shall* protect you, *now* and ever!' said a voice that moment entering the temple. It was sir William himself, who, turning to lord Gray with contempt and indignation, exclaimed, 'For shame, my lord!—Is this the conduct of a man of honour?—of a gentleman? I thought that the protection of my *house* would at least have secured miss Melbourne from such an insult as that of breaking in upon a lady's retirement, which shall always, when *I* have any power, be sacred from the eye of the libertine and the step of the licentious.' Then observing that he was heated with wine, added, 'Your present situation, and the relationship in which you stand towards lady Middleton, may in this instance be some palliation for that indignation and contempt which your conduct has awakened in me; and I shall only beg your lordship to recollect when next you propose visiting Oakland, that the man who has *once* in my house dared to violate the laws of honour never enters it a second time when *I am* at home. Lady Middleton will, if she chooses, receive your lordship's visits; but for myself, I beg leave in future to dispense with them.'

Taking Julia tenderly by the hand, he left his lordship to his own reflections, cursing his ill luck, that had so unfortunately thrown sir William in his way just as he had sprung the game. Sir William—who had heard no part of this conversation, and who had only by accident reached the temple just at the moment that he heard Julia wishing for his protection—knew not to what lengths his lordship had gone; and, supposing that the wine had thrown him a little off his guard, took no notice of this adventure at home, from motives of delicacy both towards lady Middleton and Julia: but he had the satisfaction of seeing lord Gray the next morning depart from Oakland to pursue some other fair-one; whom he might not find protected by so watchful and troublesome a guardian.

Lord Gray's departure seemed to have restored quiet and serenity to every inhabitant of Oakland but to Julia; on whose mind his lordship's conversation in the temple, and his hints about sir William and lady Middleton, had left an impression too painful to be conquered. It also led her thoughts towards herself and her situation at Oakland, and brought with it a thousand reflections which had never occurred to her till this period. She was now at no loss to account for lady Middleton's change of conduct towards her; and for that coldness, or rather indifference, which had for some time past taken place of the kindness with which she treated her when she first came to England. In what a light must she appear to her, if lord Gray's insinuations had indeed had any weight with her ladyship; how devoid of honour, gratitude, and principle! The bare idea was dreadful to a mind so pure, so innocent, as Julia's. Her situation, too, might in the opinion of the world be equivocal, if lord Gray's hints were attended to. Sir William was yet young, handsome, and amiable; nor did he in any company scruple to pay her those attentions which told how much he was interested in her happiness. Delicacy like Julia's, when once alarmed, was not soon to be quieted; and she began to think that the guardianship of so young a man as sir William might wear a questionable appearance to more eyes than lady

Middleton's. This naturally led her mind to a train of new ideas on the subject. *Who* had delegated this power to sir William? and from whom had he received this trust, which he had always fulfilled with so much tenderness and delicacy? Had she any claims on his kindness beyond those which the friendless and unprotected ask of the rich and good?—If she had *not,* the debt of gratitude would be too oppressive to bear—too great to be discharged: and if she *had,* why not avow them; at least to herself, if not to the world? Such a conduct would relieve her mind from doubt and anxiety, and she therefore determined to take the first opportunity of asking this explanation of sir William; but yet, would not such a conduct wear the appearance of officiousness and ingratitude? Would it not seem as if she were tired of that protection which his kindness had so long afforded her? Was she, even indirectly, to upbraid her benefactor, her dearest friend, for his silence on this subject? Was her confidence in his honour to be weakened by the dark and malevolent insinuations of such a man as lord Gray? No; she felt the ingratitude, the injustice, of such conduct; and therefore determined to remain silent on the subject, whatever it might cost her, till sir William himself mentioned it; and she endeavoured to banish it from her thoughts whenever it occurred to her, which it did but too frequently, and robbed her of tranquillity, which seemed now to be vanished from her bosom.

The emotions of that bosom did not long escape the penetrating eye of sir William. He saw that Julia was unhappy; but he knew not why she began to substitute towards him coldness and reserve, for that artless and undisguised affection with which she had hitherto treated him. If she casually met his eye, hers was instantly arrested with evident confusion and uneasiness. Her whole manner towards him was cold, distant and changed. She no longer sought him as the companion of her walks, or the approver of her domestic amusements. Her altered cheek, her languid countenance, the sigh which sometimes unconsciously escaped her bosom, all convinced sir William that every thing was not right in that seat of innocence, but no longer of tranquillity; and he determined to take the first opportunity of seeking an explanation of all this, fearing that his own conduct or lady Middleton's might—though he knew not how—have given cause for such a change in his lovely ward. Accordingly, having one day requested Julia to attend him in a ramble round the park, he addressed her in the following terms:

'I cannot, my dear miss Milbourne! observe the change which has for some time past taken place in my lovely ward with indifference or neglect. I cannot hear a sigh escape my Julia's bosom without inquiring the cause of it, or see the roses forsake her cheeks without endeavouring to restore them. Has any part of mine or lady Middleton's conduct given a moment's pain to her? or, tired of the restraining eye of a *guardian,* does she wish to leave his protection for that of some happier man, who may have obtained an influence in that gentle heart? I would not be officious; I would not be impertinent, my dear Julia!—only teach me how to make you happy; and do not, as of late, seem to forget that I am your friend.'

'Oh, sir William!' said Julia—overpowered with such kindness—'*you* are all tenderness and indulgence—and *I* only am ungrateful.'—'No, not *ungrateful,*' replied sir William; 'that is a term I cannot

apply to miss Melbourne, unless she refuses me that confidence which I now ask of her, not as her *guardian*, but her *friend*.' Unwilling to wound his feelings by the relation of what had passed between her and lord Gray, Julia blushed, hesitated, and was silent. He saw her confusion, yet knew not to what he ought to attribute it; but he at length drew from her the round unvarnished tale of lord Gray's conduct in the temple, and the hints he had then thrown out about lady Middleton and himself. Overcome with astonishment at such treacherous, such unexpected, cruelty, sir William remained for some time lost in the contending emotions of anger and revenge against the author of such calumnies, such cool and deliberate malice as that of attempting to disturb the harmony of a family, and the peace of innocence and virtue; but—soon recollecting himself, and unwilling to alarm Julia's delicacy by allowing her to suppose that the opinion and observations of such a man were worth a moment's reflection—he desired her to consider them as much beneath *her* notice as the author of them was below *his* revenge. 'Ah! but,' said Julia, 'does lady Middleton think so too? Partial as she is to lord Gray and to all his opinions, will she be convinced that I have not deserved to be so prejudiced in hers? Oh, if I had, in what a light must I have appeared to her, and to the world!' Sir William, charmed with this new proof of that delicacy which had been so cruelly wounded, replied, 'Lady Middleton is too good herself, my dear miss Melbourne, I am convinced, to suffer the insinuations even of lord Gray to have any influence over her opinion of you: —if you doubt this, I will myself explain to her lord Gray's conduct; and she will, I am persuaded, see it in the same light that I do, and yourself in that in which you must ever appear to the unprejudiced and discriminating mind. But I must now turn to another subject, on which I should *never* have entered, but that his lordship's insinuations, and that delicacy which he has so wantonly alarmed, seem to demand some explanation from me. I mean the situation in which I now stand with respect to yourself: but if I am less explicit on this subject than you wish me to be, you must pardon me, my dear Julia; and recollect, that the *vow of confidence* is not to be violated—with me it will be *ever sacred*.

'When you were committed, my dear girl! in your infancy, to my guardianship, it was done in the most awful manner; and not till after I had solemnly promised that *nothing* should induce me to violate the confidence reposed in me by a trust so *sacredly* delegated to my care. The duties of that trust I have endeavoured to fulfil with satisfaction to *you*, as well myself; and I shall always continue to do so till *a more powerful claim* takes you from me. The secresy of the *grave* is not to be violated;—its confidence is *awful*—is *sacred!* and I can only say, that you shall never want a protector in me till death deprives you of me, or gives you to another who *may one day* claim the treasure *till then* committed to *my* care. *If* such a circumstance *should* ever happen, I trust it would not rob me of my Julia, without transferring her to a situation that would not be inferior to those perfections which would add dignity to any, however splendid, that she might hereafter be placed in; but in the mean time, to relieve her mind from the idea of either *present* or *future* dependance, take this, my dear girl!' he said—putting a paper into her hand—'and I can only entreat that you will rest with perfect confidence

on my honour and affection, and be happy.' He then left the astonished Julia oppressed with gratitude and tenderness, when she saw that it was a bond on his estate for five thousand pounds. She would have flown after him to return such an unexampled proof of generosity, but sir William was gone; nor would he ever after suffer her to mention the subject to him, or to return the bond, which he desired her never to trust out of her possession.

ANECDOTE OF TIBERIUS.

THAT men of vindictive and sanguinary dispositions may occasionally perform acts of magnanimity and generosity, is evinced by the following anecdote, related by Tacitus, of the cruel and gloomy Tiberius.

On the death of his only son Drusus, with whom he appears always to have lived on the terms of parental affection, before the corpse was yet buried, Tiberius entered the senate-house with a firm and erect mien, and reminding the consuls of their dignity, who had quitted their chairs of state in token of their grief, he told the assembly that he was sensible he might incur blame by appearing before them while the cause of his sorrow was so recent; that it was indeed the usual practice for mourners scarcely to be seen by their nearest relations, still less by the public—a practice he did not mean to censure as unmanly; but, for his own part, he sought more effectual consolation in the bosom of his fellow-citizens. Then expressing his melancholy feelings on account of the extreme old age of Augusta (Livia), the tender years of his grand-children, and his own declining health, he desired that the children of Germanicus, the only hope in the present calamity, might be introduced. The consuls accordingly went out; and after preparing the youths for the solemn scene, brought them in, and placed them before the emperor. He took them by the hand, and thus addressed the senate:—'Conscript fathers, these youths, after the loss of their parent, I committed to the care of their uncle; and besought him, though he was not without children of his own, that he would educate them in the same manner as if they were his own blood, and form them to virtue for their own sakes and that of posterity. Now that Drusus, too, is taken away from them, I turn to you, and adjure you by the sacred names of the gods and your country, that you would receive to your bosoms these descendants of Augustus—these youths of the noblest blood. Take them, be their guardians, supply both my place and your own.—These, Nero and Drusus, are henceforth to be regarded by you as your parents. Your birth and rank are such that nothing good or evil can happen to you, but, at the same time, it must affect the commonwealth.'

The historian tells us, that the whole assembly burst into tears, intermixed with the most ardent vows for the prosperity and welfare of the illustrious brothers committed to their charge. Their father Germanicus had been the favourite of the whole Roman people; and if genuine natural sensations can ever be excited in a political assembly, the present scene was surely calculated to awaken them. That Tiberius was a hypocrite in this most solemn and well-supported piece of action is scarcely credible, nor can it easily be shewn what motive he could have to become such.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LA FONTAINE'S ASTROLOGER.

A POOR astrologer, they say,
Went out to walk one luckless day:
Heedless he stray'd, when, sad to tell!
He tumbled souse into a well!
Some wits came up, and, with a sneer,
Thus play'd upon the fall'n seer:—
Fool! when the ground deceives thine eyes,
Shouldst thou pretend to read the skies?

This fact, without another word,
A useful lesson might afford.—
Full many in the present age
Resemble this ill-fated sage;
Who hold, as firmly as their creed,
That men the book of fate may read.
But what's this wond'rous book of fate
That ancient authors celebrate?—
With them 'tis chance, without design;
With us, 'tis Providence divine.
Now, from mere chance we nothing know,
Else 't were absurd to call it so:
Chance is uncertain, fortune blind,
And 'scape all foresight of the mind.
As for the purposes of God,
Who rules all nature by his nod;
Whose pow'r did ev'ry thing produce,
But nought without its proper use;
He only knows them: let not man
Presume his vast designs to scan.
Grant on the front of stars to write
What future times have hid in night;
For what great end? T' employ the wit
Of those who on the sphere have writ?
Or teach us, as through heav'n they glide,
Ills unavoidable t'avoid?
Or with foreboding fear t' annoy,
And poison ev'ry present joy?
Or torture with anticipation,
And curse with bliss in expectation?
'T is worse than error in the brain;
'Tis sin such maxims to maintain:
Repugnant to our sense they seem,
Nor worthy of the power supreme.
The stars their errands still repeat;
The sun dispenses light and heat:
In constant order, as decreed,
His rays the shades of night succeed.
But what uncommon doctrine, pray,
Do those phenomena convey?
Why, that the day succeeds the night;
And, when the sun shines, that 'tis light—
He leads the year, feeds what we sow,
And sheds his warmth on all below.
But see, how regular appears
The motion of the heav'nly spheres!
Then, what agreement can we trace
'Tween them and fickle Fortune's face?
Now, to return ('tis time I think),
To him ill luck had forc'd to drink:—
Besides the falsehood of his rules,
He aptly represents those fools
Who, fond of dreams, by dreams are led,
While dangers thick around them spread.

J. B.... LL.

SONNET.

Written in a Boat off Newhaven, on the Coast of Sussex.

By Clio Rickman.

I.

PACE on, bright orb of day! till in the sea
Thy burning glories vanish from my eye;
And, while thy blushing beams illume the sky,
And the day takes the last faint rays from thee,

Here let me loiter still!—for dear to me
Is evening's placid reign: when, too, on high
The moon full-orb'd resplendent ranges free,
And cliffs and passing ships I scarce descry.

II.

Now fancy hovers o'er my soul, and brings
Scenes of delight, of love, and days long past—
Ah! days too bright, too happy far, to last!—
When on this coast time flew on rapture's wings.
And though the sorrowing bard weeps as he sings,
Yet in his throbbing breast ecstatic musing springs.

BALLAD.

Sung by Miss De Camp *in "The Sleeping Beauty."*

I.

ONE hundred years ago,
As well as in these times,
The world had specious show,
And just as many crimes:
The courtier's ready smile
Could then false hopes bestow;—
Nay, beauty could beguile
One hundred years ago.

II.

Men breath'd the artful vow,
And maids that vow receiv'd;
They flatter'd, e'en as now,
And were as well believ'd:
Young hearts were often sold;
For, if estate were low,
They barter'd love for gold
One hundred years ago.

BALLAD,

Sung by Mrs. Mountain *in "The Sleeping Beauty."*

HEIGHO! heigho! my love!
This fond heart beats for you;
And ne'er shall time remove
The flame to reason true.
On vows of youth rely—
Those vows which passion prove—
Nor coldly hear me cry—
Heigho! heigho! my love!

Heigho! heigho! my love!
Like weeping clouds of rain
These tears of mine reprove
Unmerited disdain.
Each pensive gale that sighs
Some pity ought to move;
Their echo well replies—
Heigho! heigho! my love!

Heigho! heigho! my love!
Ah! view that willow-tree
Which in the vernal grove
Bends low and weeps like me!
Relent, O beauteous maid!
Or here I'll ever rove,
And sigh beneath its shade—
Heigho! heigho! my love!

RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain *in "The Sleeping Beauty."*

WHERE is Ellen? rural beauty!
Ah, in pity, tell me where?
Well she claims a heart of duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

Though time should fade the rose of youth,
The mind may still be vernal;
Increase of years but strengthens truth,
And virtue is eternal!—

Where is Ellen? rural beauty!
Point the path, conduct me there;
Reason sanctions fondest duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

Some graces time will steal away,
Some graces nobly cherish;
Beauty, like flow'rs, must soon decay,
But sense can never perish!—

Where, then, is rural beauty?
Ellen pure, is Ellen fair!
Mine is still a heart of duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

LUCRETIA.

I.

ONCE Lucretia was fair, as the dew on the rose,
Or the dawn of sweet spring's mildest day;
Her eye the fair truth of her heart did disclose,
Unsullied as evening's bright ray.

II.

But sorrow, stern sorrow, her charms did consume,
And o'erclouded with tears her bright eye;
Disrob'd her fair cheek of its once lovely bloom,
And taught her calm bosom to sigh.

III.

She sank, hapless victim! beneath its rude blast,
And refuge she sought in the grave;
She lies where yon tomb is with cypress o'ercast,
And willows so mournfully wave.

IV.

Adieu, fair Lucretia! mayst thou, dearest maid!
Obtain in yon regions above
That blissful felicity ne'er doom'd to fade,
Which on earth we are never to prove!

MARY D.

Coleshill, June 14, 1805.

SONNET TO HOPE.

HAIL, bright celestial Hope! white-handed fair!
Friend to the woe-worn hapless child of grief,
Thy gentle balm administers relief,
And mitigates the pangs of wayward care!
Thy presence, nymph, will chase afar despair,
Thy anchor e'er my best support shall be,
While sailing thro' life's rude tempestuous sea,
Where quicksands threaten, faithless waves ensnare.
Oh! waft my little bark with thy mild gale
Through dang'rous streights, where whirlpools loudly roar;
Let not th' insidious waves my soul assail,
But bear it to yon blest celestial shore;
That blissful haven, where pure joys prevail,
Where virtue flourishes for evermore.

MARY D.

Coleshill, June 29, 1805.

HENRY'S TOMB.

I.

THE breeze was hush'd, the ev'ning gay,
And brightly shone the silver moon;
That beam'd its fair resplendent ray
In sportive mood o'er Henry's tomb.

II.

When sad Electra sought the grove,
To wander in its deepest gloom;
There to lament her hapless love,
And breathe a sigh o'er Henry's tomb.

III.

Pale was her cheek, as Cynthia's ray,
Grief had disrob'd its mantling bloom;
And all life's flatt'ring pleasures lay
Now cold and drear in Henry's tomb.

IV.

Tears dimm'd her eye, her pallid cheek
Did still a fainter hue assume;
Her throbbing heart it sigh'd to break
While kneeling by her Henry's tomb.

V.

She clasp'd the marble to her breast—
'Receive me, dearest youth, I come!'
Then ceas'd, and sunk to endless rest
Beside her much-lov'd Henry's tomb.

MARY D.

Coleshill, July 12, 1805.

THE ROSE, TO ELA.

I.

GO, blushing rose! and bloom on Ela's breast;
And, while thy buds the beauteous maid adorn,
Beneath the sunshine of her eyes be blest;
But, ah! fair flower! conceal thy ruthless thorn.

II.

Oh! may her life e'er prove a summer's day!
May no rude thorns her spotless mind invade!
But pleasure's roses strew her halcyon way,
And every virtue deck the blooming maid!

MARY D.

Coleshill, July 3, 1805.

THE DYING LILY.

A CANZONET.

I.

SEE! how yon drooping lily hangs its head,
That late shone forth the garden's vernal queen!
Its late admir'd beauty now is fled;
No more it decks the sweetly-varied scene.

II.

Thus, thus will fade the most enchanting form!
Thus time, ye fair, will all your charms consume!
Then let bright Virtue's tints your minds adorn,
Her flow'rets flourish in eternal bloom!

MARY D.

Coleshill, July 1, 1805.

[library stamp]

FOREIGN NEWS.

Berlin, Nov. 13.

COUNT Lowenheim, colonel-general of the king of Sweden, who arrived here some days since, has brought a letter from his sovereign to the king of Prussia, in which he expresses his surprise respecting the possession of Hanover by Prussian troops, and observes that the emperor Alexander and himself had previously concluded a treaty with England, in which they pledged themselves to compel the French to evacuate Hanover; that the premature conduct of Prussia had excited his astonishment, &c. &c.

Breslau, Nov. 17. The emperor Alexander arrived here in the night between the 15th and 16th. He did not pass through Prague from Dresden, but through Lusace, and arrived here last from Leignitz. After taking supper at midnight, this monarch, without resting, proceeded to Olmutz, where, we understand, he had an interview with the emperor of Germany.

Stutgard, Nov. 21. We have received accurate information respecting the fate of the Austrians under generals Wolfskehl and Jellachich. It was at Plaudentz where these troops, after sustaining several combats with marshal Augereau, were forced to capitulate. The former then consisted of the infantry regiments of Stein, Beaulieu, and Jellachich. The cavalry had been separated, and crossed the Danube in two columns, to force a passage through Franconia into Bohemia. This enterprise, however, succeeded with one column only; the other was dispersed near Kieslegg. The officers and privates that surrendered at Plaudentz are not to serve against the French during a year and a day. The column that escaped excited much alarm for some days in the neighbourhood of Dillingen, where they made several French commissioners prisoners. Besides the garrison of Ulm, that were sent in pursuit of these troops, a French battalion was dispatched in great haste after them on the 17th from Augsburg to Donauwerth.

Augsbourg, Nov. 22. M. Harnier, the Prussian resident at Munich, has received a courier from his court with dispatches, said to be of such importance as to render his attendance necessary at the head-quarters of the emperor Napoleon, where he is to wait the arrival of count Haugwitz.

A fresh transport of Russian and Austrian prisoners have arrived here within a few days. A body of French troops, as a reinforcement for the grand army, from the interior, have also passed through this city. Vast quantities of grain have been brought this way, within the last fortnight. Biscuit is continually baking here, and at Munich, for the army; at that place there are eleven ovens, and here twenty-one, continually employed. The whole of the states and provinces lately conquered by France, and formerly belonging to Austria, contain a population of eighteen millions of people; producing a revenue to that house of sixty millions of imperial florins, or one hundred and fifty-six millions of francs.

Brixen, Nov. 23. As soon as the archduke Charles was informed of the capture of Ulm and the fate of the Austrian army, he felt it necessary to evacuate the states of Venice. He has made his retreat, often fighting, but still with order, and with the ability of a great general. His retreat caused the voluntary evacuation of the Tyrol by the archduke John, who occupied the Bremer only long enough to enable general Hiller to withdraw from Roveredo. This corps passed through Venice the 10th, without being pursued by the French, and marched towards Pusterthat, in order to join the archduke Charles. The archduke John followed with one thousand five hundred men.

On the 15th the French entered this place with music at their head, and extended themselves through the southern Tyrol. They principally occupied, however, the towns, and did not spread themselves in the country. Before his departure, the archduke John addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants, in which he enjoined them to throw down their arms, and not to oppose the entrance of the French. The latter had penetrated from Pusterthat to Silian; but after several actions they were forced to retreat, and do not now extend beyond Muhlbach. The prince de Rohan, who, after the defeat of the Austrians at Ulm, retreated to Vinsehgau, has succeeded, with his corps of two thousand five hundred men, in forming a junction with the archduke Charles.

Vienna, Nov. 24. The negociations for peace have commenced. It is stated by some that the emperor of the French is about to depart for Italy, while others say that his intention is to return to Paris.

The reports of an insurrection in Poland gain ground daily. In the villages of that country, writings, in the native language of the people, are circulating, stimulating the Poles to embrace this opportunity to regain their independence, by choosing a king according to their wish. It is said, that several Polish officers, and among whom is general Kosciusko, have repaired to the French head-quarters. Some say that an insurrection has actually taken place in Poland.

Antwerp, Nov. 25. The eight thousand French troops within the walls of this city will, in the course of a few days, be increased to twenty thousand. Several houses have ten men quartered upon them. A number of these troops are destined for the Batavian republic. Prince Louis is daily expected, a house being appointed for his reception. General Colaud will command under him.

Memmingen, Nov. 26. The corps under the command of marshal Augereau, consisting for the greatest part of infantry, arrived to day in this town and its environs. These troops proceeded immediately along the Danube. It is stated, that they are to form a corps of observation in the principalities of Bamberg and Wurtzbourg.

Moravia, Nov. 28. The army of the archduke Ferdinand, in Bohemia, has been considerably reinforced, and the French appear to direct a part of their troops towards that kingdom. It is even said, that the Bavarian army will be increased to eighty thousand men, in order to protect the operations against Bohemia, and prevent the troops acting in that quarter from being taken in the rear.

Olmutz, Nov. 29. The combined army of Austrians and Russians has made two marches in advance upon the enemy, but the latter appears to avoid a battle.

The head-quarters of the two emperors were yesterday at Wischau; the left wing was near Kremsir, and the advanced guard near Hardisch.

If we may judge from the march of this army of the direction it intends to take, it appears that, in case the French army shall continue to avoid a battle, the Austro-Russian army will incline upon Presburg, pass the Danube there, and endeavour to deliver Vienna from the French on that side. This plan must be likewise that of the archduke Charles. The French have intercepted one of his couriers.

Paris, Nov. 30. The following letter, dated from the head-quarters

at Bregentz, on the 18th, was addressed by marshal Augereau, commandant of the 7th corps of the grand army, to the general of division Vial, ambassador from his majesty the emperor to the Helvetic confederation:—

'Bindau, Bregentz, and Feldkerch, my dear general, are in our possession. All this was effected on the 22d and 23d instant. The results are six thousand Austrians disarmed, and sent to Bohemia, upon condition not to serve against France for a year and a day, from the present time; a considerable number of Tyroleans and peasants are also disarmed; eight standards, several magazines, and some fine artillery, have fallen into our hands. I am vigorously pursuing the corps under prince Rohan, and hope shortly to come up with him. A lieutenant and a major-general are among the number of prisoners.—Receive, my dear general, the assurance of my particular esteem.

(Signed) 'AUGEREAU.'

Augsburg, Dec. 1. The army of marshal Augereau has suddenly received orders to enter Franconia by Ulm. This movement has caused here a great deal of inquietude: four thousand men from this army last night entered Gunzberg.

Hague, Dec. 3. We learn that count Haugwitz, the Prussian cabinet minister, arrived at Vienna on the 20th ult. and that he is charged with a mission, on the part of his court, to the emperor of the French, in which we are assured his Prussian majesty has offered to exert all the means in his power for obtaining a general peace.

Olmutz, Dec. 3. Yesterday a great battle took place between the combined and French armies in the vicinity of the villages Slapanitz, Kobelnitz, and Jilnitz, not far from Turas, which lasted till to-day at noon, and was extremely bloody. The issue is still undecided, and all the accounts received here rest on mere reports. Our fortress in the mean time has been put into a state to stand a siege, and the royal family has removed to Teschen.

The two emperors are with the army: we wait for more circumstantial particulars.

P. S. According to later accounts, the battle has at last been decided in favour of the Austrian and Russian army, with whom the victory remains.

Paris, Dec. 4. The Moniteur of the 3d contains the following important article:—

'M. Van Stadion, minister of the emperor of Germany at Petersburg, and lieutenant-general count Von Guilay, have been presented to his majesty the French emperor at Brunn, as plenipotentiaries of the above-mentioned emperor, to conclude a definitive peace: on our emperor's part M. Talleyrand has been nominated, who has also been invested with the necessary powers. It is to be hoped that peace will be the issue of their negociations; but this should by no means enervate the zeal of the administrators and of the nation. It should, on the contrary, be a stimulus the more; let the conscripts precipitate their march, to justify the well-known adage, 'Would you have peace, be prepared for war!' His majesty has commanded the ministers of war and interior relations not to relax a tittle in their preparations.'

Moravia, Dec. 4. In the battle of the 2d, the Russians, by the impetuous attack of the French, had lost a part of their artillery; but towards the evening general Kutosow retook the artillery, and rescued the greater part of the prisoners.

On the 3d the battle was renewed, and the fortune of arms declared in favour of the combined army, which resumed its position near Austerlitz, and prepared for a new attack on the 5th.

Victory or death was the word in the battle, which was one of the most bloody in modern history. The contest was decided by the bayonet and the sabre.

The Russian guards, under the grand duke Constantine, fought with the greatest bravery. The Austrian cavalry likewise contributed greatly to the battle on the 3d.

HOME NEWS.

York, Nov. 28.

AN affecting circumstance relative to the awful visitation of the Almighty occurred a few days ago, at Hebden-bridge, in Yorkshire. As the corpse of the wife of a labouring man lay in the coffin previous to interment, the afflicted husband, with feelings our pen cannot describe, drew near to take a last farewell of the once-loved partner of his joys or sorrows. He had been united to her fifty years, and, what is strikingly remarkable in the annals of the marriage state, during so long a period, the noise of dissention had never been heard between them. At this awful moment, when his eye was directed to the inanimate remains of his departed wife, he suddenly dropt down, and, before medical assistance could be procured, expired! There are some who stubbornly maintain that the lowly and ignorant are incapable of the nice touch of feeling inseparable to intelligent minds: the recital of the above artless tale of truth must alter the position of such extraneous argument.

A most daring robbery was committed on Saturday evening, in the neighbourhood of Newbattle. A young man, named Cumming, grieve upon one of the collieries belonging to the marquis of Lothian, received a letter in the forenoon, desiring him to come to Newbattle at seven o'clock at night with what money he had collected during the week. The letter, it appears, was a fabrication; for, upon coming to the head of the path, Cumming was seized by some fellows, who bound him hand and foot, and tied him up to a tree. They then rifled his pockets, and took from him forty pounds sterling. The poor man must have perished had it not been for some carters passing, who, hearing him crying, liberated him. He had hung about an hour. We hear a precognition has been taken by the sheriff, and it is hoped the perpetrators will soon be brought to justice.

London, Nov. 29. Intelligence (which is now known to be false) was communicated to government in the following letter from the Dutch admiral Kickert:

'*Brutus, Nov.* 25. Rear-admiral Kickert has the honour to inform the commander of any of his Britannic majesty's ships which are on the coast of Holland, that the important intelligence of peace having been signed between his majesty the emperor the French and the emperor of Germany, under the walls of Vienna, has been received by an extraordinary courier; and that the conditions were so settled, that until the ratification of the treaty Venice and the whole Tyrol should continue in the hands of the French. The archduke Charles is dead with chagrin and fatigue. A more detailed account is every moment expected of the conditions of the treaty; among which, it is said, there is an article, stating, that the government of Austria is to pay to the emperor of the French forty millions of francs.

'KICKERT.'

This letter was sent in a fishing-

boat, and was directed to any of the captains of the British men of war which the boat might meet with on the coast of Holland. The *Flora* frigate was the first vessel which the fishing-boat met with. The letter was immediately delivered to the captain, who made sail for Yarmouth, and delivered the letter to admiral Russell, by whom it was sent to the admiralty.

Dec. 6. Yesterday being the day appointed for the general thanksgiving to Almighty God, it was observed with the utmost solemnity in every part of the metropolis, and, we have no doubt we may add, in every part of the empire. All the churches and chapels were crowded; all distinctions of sects were done away—and Christian and Jew, and catholic and protestant, all united in the expression of one feeling of piety and gratitude to the Almighty.

In most of the churches and chapels collections were made for the wounded and for the widows and orphans of the gallant men who died in the service of their country. They exceeded even the most sanguine expectation.

The thanksgiving was observed at the mother church, St. Paul's Cathedral, with much grandeur. A short time before twelve o'clock, his royal highness the duke of Cambridge and his staff, the lord mayor, several aldermen, and the city officers, arrived there. They were conducted into the vestry, from which place they went in grand procession to the choir: the duke of Cambridge and the lord mayor walked together. After they had taken the seats which had been allotted to them, the corps of the artillery company, under the command of colonel le Mesurier, who were on duty to receive the duke of Cambridge, having taken their seats near the altar, the city marshal held up his hand for the public to be admitted into the body of the choir; when the pressure was so extremely great, from the immense crowd that was collected, that several women fainted. The lord mayor sent a smelling-bottle to assist in recovering them.

The sermon was preached by the reverend Mr. Hatt, the lord mayor's chaplain. After the sermon, an anthem was sung by the reverend Mr. Beckwith, one of the minor canons; Mr. Page, one of the vicar chorals; and master Cutler, of the cathedral: the words of which were extremely well selected for the occasion, and are as follow:—

DUET—*The reverend Mr.* Beckwith *and Mr.* Page.

The Lord is a man of war; Lord is his name—Pharaoh's chariots, and his host, hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains are also drowned in the Red Sea.

So o—*Master* Cutler.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

GRAND CHORUS.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

Portsmouth, Dec. 8. The *Victory* is undergoing several necessary repairs, previous to her going to the Nore, whither she is ordered with the remains of our beloved lord Nelson. Admirals Montagu and sir Isaac Coffin's flags, and the pendants and colours of all the ships at this port, are lowered to half-mast high; and the captains and officers of the ships to wear crape round their arms, and side arms: those belonging to the *Victory* are in deeper mourning.

London, Dec. 14. About eight o'clock yesterday evening a fire was discovered in the lower part of the back premises of Mr. Gillet, a most respectable printer, the front of whose house is in Salisbury-square, and the back in Hanging-Sword-alley, Water-lane, near Crown-court, Fleet-street.

The fire broke out in the lower warehouse, and is supposed to have been occasioned by a spark flying on some paper, of which the room was full. There were from fifty to sixty men at work in the office at the time the accident occurred, none of whom can otherwise account for it. From this lower room it soon reached the

upper floors, which were also fully stocked with paper; from one warehouse it made its way to another, and from thence to the printing office. The damage which has been done is as follows:—The warehouses and printing-offices of Mr. Gillet, which lay behind Salisbury-square, and reached to Water-lane, with most of their valuable contents, quite destroyed; of the dwelling-house of Mr. Gillet (the corner house in Salisbury-square), not a vestige remains; two small houses, situated near Water-lane, burnt down. The house of Mr. Swan, another printer, which lay towards Fleet-street, was for a long time on fire; the party-wall is burnt down: he had time enough to move the whole of his property. The Jennerian Society's house, (a very large one), on the west side of the square —the party wall quite burnt through, the upper room gutted, and the house otherwise so much damaged, as almost to need being rebuilt. The house of Messrs. Jones and Green, attornies, next to the Jennerian Society—the back part damaged.

The property in Mr. Gillet's house principally belonged to Mr. Mawman and Mr Phillips, the booksellers, who are supposed to be considerable sufferers. The value of books, paper, &c. independently of the premises, is estimated at about 30,000*l.* out of which not more than 3000*l.*'s worth have been saved.

It is singular, that at the time of the fire at Mr. Hamilton's, the printer, in Fleet-street, about two years ago, a very valuable publication, entitled 'Anacharsis's Travels,' had been completed, *with the exception of a single sheet;* the whole edition was consumed. This work was afterwards given to Mr. Gillet to print, and he had actually finished it all but *two sheets*, when the unfortunate accident of Thursday night, in like manner, destroyed every copy.

Dec. 17. The two companies of river fencibles, under the command of captains Slaney and Snow, were yesterday mustered in Greenwich Park. After going through the usual manœuvres of the pike exercise, they were each formed into a circle, and received orders to hold themselves in readiness to attend that part of the funeral ceremony of lord Nelson which is to take place on the water. A proposition was then made for a subscription towards the patriotic fund; every individual, however, being at the same time left to exercise his own free and unbiassed opinion, without being in the least subject to any influence from their officers.

Deal, Dec. 17. The *Piercer* gun-brig arrived in the Downs last night, and brings the most important and joyful intelligence relative to the successes of the allied armies against Bonaparte. The *Piercer* left Cuxhaven at 2 o'clock *p. m.* on Saturday last, and I have this instant taken the following account from the memorandums of the officer commanding her. It is in substance as follows: That a partial action had taken place between the French and Russian armies, in the neighbourhood of Brunn and Holnitz, on the 29th or 30th of November; and that skirmishing continued till the 2d of December, when a general engagement began, bloody almost beyond a parallel. The Russians charged with fixed bayonets, and continued the sanguinary combat for twelve hours, when the French gave way and were totally defeated, with the loss of 27,000 killed: the few that escaped returned to Vienna. Bonaparte commanded in person, and is stated to have been severely wounded in the action. After his retreat, he sent an officer to request an armistice for a few days, which was peremptorily refused. The emperor of Russia was missing from head-quarters upwards of six hours, and was supposed to be killed. He was, however, at last discovered at the head of his troops, charging with the bayonet. The king of Prussia marched on the fourth instant, with 140,000 men and eighty pieces of cannon, to cut off the retreat of the French into Italy. The Russians depended entirely on the bayonet, and of course suffered much in the engagement, but succeeded in taking the whole of the French artillery.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 27. At Donegall-house, Belfast, the most noble the marchioness of Donegall, of a son.

30. At Dromore-house, county of Down, Ireland, the lady of the hon. and rev. Pearce Meade, of a son.

At captain Halliday's, Grosvenor-place, lady Elizabeth Halliday, of a son and heir.

The lady of the right hon. lord Graves, of a daughter, at his lordship's seat, at Bishop's court, near Exeter.

Dec. 1. At Powell-hill, near Windsor, the lady of Daniel Webb, esq. of a son.

5. In Portland pl ce, the lady of Valentine Conolly, esq. of a son.

10. At his house in Manchester-square, the lady of the hon. John Scott, of a son.

At Blunham, Bedfordshire, the lady of John Campbell, esq. of a daughter.

14. At Morpeth, the lady of B. E. Stag, esq. of a daughter.

18. At his lordship's house in Grosvenor-place, lady Garlies, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 27. At Bristol, Wm. Jenkins, of the hon. East India company's service, esq. to miss Bartlette, only daughter of the late Joshua Bartlette, of Bristol, esq.

Dec. 2. By the rev. J. Clowes, vicar of Eccles, Mr. John Dicas, of Stockport, in the county of Chester, attorney, to miss E. Partington, second daughter of John Partington, esq. of Bencliffe-house, in the county of Lancaster.

At St. Mary-le-bonne church, William Davies, esq. of Penylan-park, to miss Seymour, eldest daughter of lord Robert Seymour.

7. At Standish, in Gloucestershire, James Western, esq. of Gray's-inn, to miss Hallifax, eldest daughter of the rev. Robert Hallifax.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Drake, esq. assistant commissary to the forces, to miss Maria Story, third daughter of George Story, esq. of Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham.

9. Sir Charles Eth. Nightingale, bart. of Knusworth, in Cambridgeshire, to miss Dickonson, only daughter of Thomas Lacy Dickonson, esq. of West Retford, in Nottinghamshire.

At Blandford, C. St. Barbe, jun. esq. of Vine-street, America-square, to miss Forster, daughter of the rev. Thomas Forster.

The rev. Mr. William Claye, of Westhorp, Nottinghamshire, to miss Tekell, daughter of John Tekell, esq. of the Middle Temple.

Thomas Edwards, esq. of Bruce-grove, Tottenham, to miss Brewer, daughter of Samuel Brewer, esq. of Spital-fields.

At Clifton, near Bristol, major Malkin, of the 21st light dragoons, to miss Spode, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, daughter of Josiah Spode, of Fenton, in the Staffordshire potteries, esq.

10. At Ripon cathedral, major James C. Dalbiac, of the 4th (or Queen's own) dragoons, to miss Susanna Isabella Dalton, eldest daughter of John Dalton, esq. of the Grange, near Ripon.

At Hackney church, Isaac Hawkins Brown, esq. member of parliament for Bridgenorth, to miss Boddington, second daughter of Thomas Boddington, esq. of Clapton.

George Marcy, esq. of Westmorland, Jamaica, to miss Nichols, eldest daughter of the late rev. William Nichols, of Chelmarsh-hall, in the county of Salop.

11. John Buller, esq. member of parliament for East Looe, to miss Augusta Eliza Nixon, third daughter of John Nixon, esq. of La Bergerie, Queen's county, Ireland.

Simon Kendal, esq. of Richmond, Surrey, to miss Smith, of Ashby St. Ledgers, Northamptonshire.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, lord viscount Hereford, to miss P. E. Cornewall, third daughter of sir George Cornewall, bart.

14. At Rochefort, county of Westmeath, Ireland, major-general Mervyn Archdall, M. P. for the county of Fermanagh, to miss Rochefort, eldest

daughter of Gustavus H. Rochefort.

William Kinglake, esq. to miss Woodforde, eldest daughter of Thomas Woodforde, esq. of Taunton, in the county of Somerset.

15. Mr. Robert Houlden, of St. Margaret's-hill, in the Borough, to miss Wightman, only daughter of colonel Wightman, of Hampstead road.

19. At St. James's church, colonel Harnage, of New-street, Hanover-square, to miss Pym, of Dorsetshire.

A few days ago, David S. Drenham, esq. to miss Betsey Sweeting, both of Knarsborough.

DEATHS.

Nov. 25. In the 78th year of his age, Lewis Gwynne, esq. of Monachty, in the county of Cardigan. He lived very private, though possessed of an extensive estate, and accumulated an immense fortune. He had in his house, when he died, such a quantity of gold, that a horse could not carry the weight, to convey it to Tuglyn, about a mile off; and, when put on a sledge, it was with difficulty he could draw it there. The amount in gold is one hundred thousand pounds, besides fifty thousand pounds in the stocks.

Mr. John Cochran, thread-manufacturer, of Paisley, aged 75 years.

Dec. 1. At his seat at Tor-abbey, in the county of Devon, George Cary, esq. aged 74 years.

In an advanced age, at his seat at Twickenham, Thomas Winsloe, esq. formerly of Collipriest, who was sheriff of Devon in 1780.

3. At the palace, Kilkenny, Ireland, in the 77th year of his age, the right rev. Hugh Hamilton, lord bishop of Ossory.

At Andover, much lamented by her family and friends, Mrs. Ludlow, wife of Mr. William Ludlow, wine-merchant, of that place, and only daughter of Edward Pugh, esq. And on the Saturday preceding, their eldest daughter, after a short illness.

At the Isle of Man, aged 38 years, the right hon. lord Henry Murray, brother to his grace the duke of Athol.

8. Mrs. Elizabeth Grosvenor, of Grosvenor-square, sister to the late, and aunt to the present earl Grosvenor.

In Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, miss Edward, daughter of Lewis Edward, esq. of Palgartn.

In Berners-street, after a painful illness, the lady of Dr. Thynne.

In Gower-street, miss Ann Narman, daughter of T. D. Narman, esq. of the island of Antigua.

John Pogson, esq. of Roughham-place, near Bury St. Edmund's.

9. After a short illness, at his house in Upper Homerton, Paul Le Mesurier, esq. alderman of the city of London, representative in two parliaments for the borough of Southwark, a director of the East India company, colonel of the hon. artillery company, and invested with other public situations.

10. Mrs. Underwood, wife of Mr. Underwood, of Lamb's Conduit-street.

12. At his house at Chelsea, in the 67th year of his age, Henry Sampson Woodfall, esq. formerly an eminent printer, and for nearly forty-five years conductor of the Public Advertiser, in which the celebrated Letters of Junius were originally published.

Suddenly, at his house at Box Moor, Herts, Mr. John Almon, formerly an eminent bookseller in Piccadilly.

Mr. Samuel Marriot, many years master of the Paul's Head tavern, Cateaton-street, and one of the bridgemasters of the city of London.

14. At his house in Stratton-street, Piccadilly, in the 85th year of his age, Richard Bull, esq. of North-court, in the Isle of Wight.

15. At Hayes, Middlesex, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Hinton, relict of the rev. Anthony Hinton, many years vicar of that parish.

At Great Gaddesden Parsonage, Herts, Samuel Crawley, esq. of Bagnal-hall, Nottingham.